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NAVAJO HISTORICAL SERIES 2

The Trouble At Round Rock

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Walter J. Hickel, Secretary

BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS
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OFFICE OF EDUCATION PROGRAMS
William S. King, Acting Director

Order from
Publications Service
Haskell Institute
Lawrence, Kansas 66044

INTERIOR, HASKELL PRESS, 11-63-210-1M

INTERIOR, HASKELL PRESS, 7-70-107-2M

The Trouble At Round Rock

by

Left-Handed Mexican Clansman

with

Related Anecdotes

by

Howard Gorman

and

The Nephew of Former Big Man

Translated into English

and edited by

Robert W. Young —— William Morgan

1952

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS—DIVISION OF EDUCATION

BLACK HORSE — a copy drawn from an old Signal Corps photograph by Howard Gorman. Black Horse was born in the Red Rock country of the Lukachukai Mountains, about 1830. A Signal Corps picture of him, taken in 1871, depicts him as a middle-aged man. He was a sub-chief under Captain Sani in the 1880's, and was involved in the murder of Swift and other prospectors in the Carrizo Mountains. It was he who attacked Agent Dana Shipley at Round Rock Store in 1892. Black Horse died between 1910 and 1920.

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Foreword

The present booklet is presented as Number 2 of the Navajo Historical Series. An interesting account of a fight between Agent Shipley and a man known as Black Horse has been utilized as a nucleus around which to build a fairly detailed historical account of social and economic conditions in the Navajo Country a little more than a half century ago.

Although the present historical sketch is largely concerned with the period 1892-94—the time setting for the fight mentioned above—it was felt that a brief resume of Navajo history during the preceding half century would be desirable as a background against which to understand the conditions which existed during the early 1890's.

Richard Van Valkenburg's "Short History of The Navajo People" and one appendix to Oscar H. Lipps' "The Navajos" have provided much of the material for the period up to 1892 and old agency records from the former agency at Fort Defiance have provided a detailed picture of the years 1892-94.

An effort has been made to use simple everyday English. However, Agent Shipley's letters have been quoted verbatim in the sometimes quaint and highly formal rhetoric of the times.

ROBERT W. YOUNG

Introduction

Back in 1868, at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, the Navajos made a treaty of peace with the United States Government. Article 6 of this treaty says: "In order to insure the civilization of the Indians entering into this treaty, the necessity of education is admitted, especially of such of them as may be settled on said agricultural part of the Reservation, and therefore they pledge themselves to compel their children, male and female, between the ages of six and sixteen years, to attend school, and it is thereby made the duty of the agent for said Indians to see that this stipulation is strictly complied with, and the United States agrees that for every thirty children between said ages who can be induced or compelled to attend school, a house shall be provided, and a teacher competent to teach the elements of an English education shall be furnished, who will reside among the said Indians and faithfully discharge his or her duties as a teacher."

However, there were so many problems both for the United States Government and for the Navajo people during the early years after the return of the latter from Fort Sumner that no school was built until 1881. Since no school was provided, it was not possible to carry out the provisions of Article 6 immediately.

Back at the time when the Navajo returned from Fort Sumner they were not interested in the white man's education. They were afraid to let their children be taken away to school for fear that they might never come back. At this time the Navajos simply wanted to take up their life again as they had left it when they were driven away to Fort Sumner.

In 1887 a law was passed to compel all Indian children to go to school. A school had been opened at Fort Defiance in 1881, but it had been very hard to get pupils for it. In 1887, when it became the law that all Indian children had to go to school, it became one of the duties of the Navajo Agent to enforce this law.

In 1892 a man by the name of Dana L. Shipley became the Agent for the Navajo Tribe, with his headquarters at Fort Defiance, Arizona. Almost as soon as he became the Agent he began to have trouble with the Navajos because he tried to force them to put their children in school. He would take policemen to get the children, and some of the people did not like this.

One day in 1893 Mr. Shipley took some policemen and went out on the reservation to get some children for the school at Fort Defiance. When the party arrived at Tsalee (Tséhílį) it split into three groups. One group went up into the Carrizo Mountains, one went to Chinle, and Mr. Shipley with his group went to Round Rock.

At that time there was a powerful Navajo leader by the name of Black Horse (Bilįį' Łizhinii), who was very much against education, and who was very unfriendly with the white people. Black Horse heard that some of the people were to gather their children at Round Rock to be taken away to school, so he went there with some of his band. Black Horse spoke against education and told the people not to let the Agent take their children away. The Agent, Mr. Shipley, insisted on taking the children, so Black Horse attacked him.

In this book we are going to tell the story of the fight at Round Rock between Black Horse and Shipley. We are lucky that there are still some Navajos living who remember the details of the trouble at Round Rock. In fact, one old man from Lukachukai called Left-handed Mexican Clansman (Naakai Dine'é

Ntł'aaígíí) was among the people gathered there at Round Rock on that eventful day so many years ago. He was a youth then, and his memory of what took place is very clear as we shall see. Other Navajos heard all about the affair between Agent Shipley and Black Horse, and we have included their stories too in this book.

Several years ago, when Window Rock was built, the old agency records were moved from Fort Defiance where they had been stored in a basement. Some of them had become wet at some time during the many years that they lay in the store room there, but most of them can still be read. Among these records are the reports that the different Navajo Agents made to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington. In one of the books marked 1893 is Agent Shipley's report of his trouble at Round Rock. So we have both sides of this story—the Navajo side, and the white man's side. This makes it possible for us to give a very complete account.

But to fully understand the reasons for which Agent Shipley had trouble with Black Horse, and to understand why the people did not want education for their children, we must know something about how the people were living in those days. We must know about the Navajo Reservation in the 1890's and in the period before. We must also know something of the attitude of the white people toward Indians at that time. Otherwise, it would be like describing our recent war with the Japanese by merely giving the details of the battle of Tarawa.

We can get this background material from two main sources. One is from a book which was mimeographed at the Navajo Agency in 1938. It is now out of print and very hard to find and is called "A Short History of The Navajo People" by Richard Van Valkenburg. We will use it, along with documentary material from the early era of American influence, to give an account of the Navajo people from 1868 to 1893. For the period during which Agent Shipley had his trouble with Black Horse, we will use various letters which he and the man who followed him as Navajo Agent, 1st Lieut. E. H. Plummer, wrote.

Many old people, Navajo and white alike, look back to the days of their youth as "the good old days." They like to think that in former times there were no troubles and everyone was happy in contrast with present times when they feel that there is nothing but sorrow and difficulty. When you have read these accounts, some of them made by men who were living and working here among the Navajos a number of years ago, we will let you judge for yourself whether or not there were not problems in those days just as great as the Navajo people face now. They were "good old days" for some perhaps, but for others they were times of trial and hardship.

The Navajos From the 1850's to the 1890's

The States of New Mexico and Arizona were once part of Mexico. In 1846 James K. Polk, then President of the United States, declared war on Mexico, and three months later General Stephen W. Kearney entered Santa Fe. He told the people that from that time on they, as well as the Indians in what are now New Mexico and Arizona, would be under the government of the United States.

Before the United States took over this territory from Mexico there had been almost constant warfare between the Navajos and the Mexicans. We can get some idea of the cause and nature of these wars by reading some of the writings of men who lived back at that time. We will see that neither side was entirely to blame.

In Europe the white people had become used to the idea that every nation had a king, or some other kind of powerful leader or leaders, who could speak for all the people. If one nation wanted to make peace with another one the leaders of the two would get together. Whatever they decided, their people would have to do. When the white people came across the sea to America they thought that all of the different Indian tribes would have leaders like theirs. In some cases this was true, but in most cases it was not. The

Mexicans, and later the Americans, would make a treaty with a Navajo leader or a group of leaders and expect their word to be binding on all the Navajo people. The result was that treaties were broken as fast as they were made.

In former times the Navajos used to make raids on other people to take their livestock, their women and children. And the Mexicans used to make war against the Navajos for about the same reasons.

Writing in 1865, General James H. Carleton said, "With the exception of one or two intervals of a few years each, there has been a state of hostility between the people of New Mexico and the Navajo Indians. Even in these intervals occasional forays were made into the settlements to capture sheep and cattle. The Mexicans would kill some of the Indians and capture some of the women and children and make slaves of them. But in times when open hostilities existed these efforts were increased on each side to capture stock, women, and children, so that the country was kept in a continual state of commotion. This was the state of things when we acquired the territory from Mexico."[1]

Chief Justice Kirby Benedict wrote in 1865, "The Navajos were in the habit of making forays upon the ranches and settlements, stealing, robbing and killing, and carrying away captives; the finding of herds and driving off sheep and other animals was carried on to a very ruinous extent; the killing of persons did not seem so much the object of their warfare as an incidental means of succeeding in other depredations. Sometimes, however, barbarous vengeance was exhibited and a thirst for blood. They carried away captives, but I cannot now give any accurate idea of number."

Writing about the same time (1865), Dr Louis Kennon said, "I think the Navajos have been the most abused people on the continent, and that in all hostilities the Mexicans have always taken the initiative with but one exception that I know of. When I first came here the Navajos were at peace and had been for a long time. There was a pressure brought to bear—to make war on the Navajo General Garland was commander of the Department at that time, and if you asked the Mexicans any reason for making war, they would give no other reason but that the Navajos had a great many sheep and horses and a great many children—."

Speaking of the Navajos taken as slaves by the Mexicans, Chief Justice Kirby Benedict went on to say, "There are in the Territory a large number of Indians, principally females (women and children), who have been taken by force or stealth or purchase, who have been among the various wild tribes of New Mexico or those adjoining. Of these a large proportion are Navajos. It is notorious that natives of this country have sometimes made captives of the Navajo women and children when opportunities presented themselves; the custom has long existed here of buying persons, especially women and children; the tribes themselves have carried on this kind of traffic. Destitute orphans are sometimes sold by their remote relations; poor parents also make traffic of their children. The Indian persons obtained in any of the modes mentioned are treated by those who claim to own them as their servants and slaves. They are bought and sold by and between the inhabitants at a price as much as is a horse or an ox.—The prices have lately ranged very high. A likely girl not more than eight years old, healthy and intelligent, would be held at a value of four hundred dollars or more. When they grow to womanhood they sometimes become mothers from the natives of the land, with or without marriage. Their children, however, by the custom of the country, are not regarded as property which may be bought or sold as have been their mothers. They grow up and are treated as having the rights of citizens. They marry and blend with the general populations."[1]

Speaking of slavery, Dr. Louis Kennon wrote "I think the number of captive Navajo Indians held as slaves to be underestimated I think

1 THE NAVAJOS, by Oscar H. Lipps, 1909 (Appendix).

there are from five to six thousand. I know of no family which can raise one hundred and fifty dollars but what purchases a Navajo slave, and many families own four or five, the trade in them being as regular as the trade in pigs or sheep. Previous to the war their price was from seventy-five to one hundred dollars, but now they are worth about four hundred dollars. But the other day some Mexican Indians from Chihuahua were for sale in Santa Fe. I have been conversant with the institution of slavery in Georgia, but the system is worse here, there being no obligation to care for the slave when he becomes old or worthless."[2]

Back at the time the Americans took over this territory from Mexico it was a very wild region. There were neither railroads, roads, nor towns in the Navajo country. There were a few forts, with soldiers to keep the peace. There was no Indian Agent, or at least the Indian Agents who were sent saw very little of the Navajos. They stayed in Santa Fe, often because they were afraid of the Indians. When they traveled at all they did so with soldiers. Also, the men who were sent as Agents got their jobs, not because they knew anything about Indians, but as favors from politicians. One of these men, by the name of Major Griner, wrote, "The great difficulty in our Indian policy is in the selection of Indian agents, who are generally appointed for political services. Mr. Wingfield comes here as an agent because he was the friend of Mr. Dawson of Georgia; Mr. Wolly, an old man of seventy years of age, because he was the friend of Mr. Clay; Mr. Weightman, because he wished to be returned as delegate; and myself because I could sing a good political song. Neither of us was by habit or education better fitted to be Indian agent than to follow any other business. The general policy of selecting men as agents for political service, rather than fitness for the position, and frequently changing them, is a great cause of all our Indian difficulties, in my opinion. I was changed just as I was about to be of service, and had become acquainted with the Indians, and acquired their confidence, and could get them to do as I desired."[3]

From 1851 until 1859 there was no real warfare between the Navajos and the surrounding people. There were raids on the settlements from time to time, but these were not serious. It was in 1859, a little more than ten years after the Americans came, that war broke out, and in 1860 the Navajos attacked Fort Defiance.

Colonel James Collins, writing in 1861, tells about the beginning of this war. He says, "About the commencement of June (1858) a difficulty arose between the Indians and the troops at Fort Defiance. That difficulty was occasioned by the Indians allowing their animals to run on lands which had been set apart by an arrangement with them as meadow lands for cutting hay for the post. The Indians were notified to keep their animals off. Finally after they had been on the ground several times, a company of mounted men, under Captain McLane of the rifles, was sent out, who ordered about seventy of the animals shot within the limits of the meadow. The result was, a very short time after this, a black boy, servant of Major Brooks, was killed by the Indians. The killing of the boy led to the war, which has continued up to this time.

"After the killing of the boy a demand was made by Major Brooks on the principal men of the tribe for the delivery of the murderer, and were finally told that, unless he was given up, in thirty days war would be made on the tribe.—The result was an expedition against the Indians under General Miles—."[4]

An attempt was made to make the Navajos turn the killer over to the soldiers, but they refused. They offered to pay any amount the soldiers asked for the boy who had been killed, but they would not give up the Navajo who killed him. The soldiers insisted that it be settled in their way, so war resulted.

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1 THE NAVAJOS, by Oscar H. Lipps, 1909 (Appendix).
2 Ibid.
3 Ibid.
4 Ibid.

The soldiers moved against the Navajos in every direction, but the Indians were not hurt much. Colonel Collins goes on to say, "Colonel Bonneville and myself concluded to go out and see the Indians—about the 25th of December (1858), at which time we concluded a treaty of peace with the Indians. —The substance of the treaty was that all stock taken during hostilities should, as far as practicable, be given up, and Colonel Bonneville agreed to enforce the condition on his part.[1] The treaty was never carried into effect, and in the summer of 1859 another expedition was sent against the Indians under Major Simonson. He went out with instructions to enforce the condition of the treaty to surrender the captured stock. He failed to do so. Hostilities continued. The Indians continued their depredations, committing robberies and murders to a considerable extent, until 1860 when General Canby took command and made an expedition against them. During this time the Mexicans turned loose on them and captured a good many of their women and children. General Canby made an expedition in 1860. He was not very successful. He went into their country; they asked for peace, and he made a treaty with them and withdrew the troops.—"[2]

On April 30, 1860, a force of Navajos attacked Fort Defiance. They fell upon the fort just after the moon set, about 4:00 in the morning, attacking from three sides. In the darkness they crept close to the fort and began by shooting at one of the sentinels. The sentinel retreated, and the Navajos, said to be over a thousand strong, began yelling and firing from behind woodpiles and buildings. The white soldiers had worked out a plan for defending the fort in case they were attacked so they knew just what to do. By daylight it could be seen that the Navajos were retreating up the mountainside, and the soldiers chased them until they were outdistanced.

The fight lasted about two hours, according to the report of Major Sheppard, then the commanding officer of Fort Defiance. One of the soldiers was killed by an arrow through his heart, and two were wounded. It is not known how many Navajos were killed or wounded because they took all but two of these men with them when they retreated.

In 1861 the white people themselves began fighting against each other. The people in the northern part of the country began fighting with those who lived in the southern part. This is called the Civil War. The soldiers who had been stationed in this region to keep the Indians at peace were taken away to fight in the new war. As soon as this happened the Navajos and some of the Apaches began to raid the surrounding country.

Finally, in 1863, General James Carleton decided that the only way to make the Navajos stop fighting would be to round them all up and take them to Fort Sumner. He thought that it might be possible to teach them how to be peaceful farmers like the Pueblo Indians if he could get them all together in one place. So he sent Kit Carson to round the Navajos up

By the spring of 1864 there were about 8000 Navajos at Fort Sumner, and more were being brought in. Fort Sumner conditions went from bad to worse. The people lacked firewood in winter, their crops failed, and many became sick. It is said that in one year 2,321 people died at Fort Sumner. This was during the year 1865.

In the same year the Mescalero Apaches who were also at Fort Sumner, escaped and

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1 Richard Van Valkenburg, in A SHORT HISTORY OF THE NAVAJO PEOPLE (mimeo., 1938, Navajo Service, Window Rock, Arizona) says of this treaty of 1858, "The following terms of peace were concluded: The Navajos were to restore or pay for any property taken in the fall of 1858. The entire tribe would in the future be responsible for depredations committed by any of its members. Puebloan and New Mexican captives were to be surrendered. Herrero was appointed head chief and would be dealt with by the Americans as the leader of the Navajos."

"The important part of this unratified treaty of 1858 was in that it was the first agreement that outlined the eastern boundary of the Navajo tribe. The line would run north from present Pescado, the Zuni farming village 14 miles west of Zuni Pueblo. It would pass through Bear Springs and continue northward to the juncture of the Chaco and San Juan Rivers. Unfortunately, many of their fine farm lands were excluded and the Navajos protested."

2 THE NAVAJOS, by Oscar H. Lipps, 1909 (Appendix).

ran back to their homeland. In the spring of 1868 the Navajos were all planning to escape from there too. They probably would have done this if it had not been for the arrival of General W. T. Sherman and Colonel Francis Tappan.

By 1868 it had become clear to the men in Washington that General Carleton's plans for the Navajos were not going to succeed. General Sherman and Colonel Tappan were sent out to decide what should be done with the Navajos. At first it was planned to send the Navajos to Oklahoma in order to get them out of the way of the railroads that were about to be built in the region where they had formerly lived, and also to get them out of the way of white settlers who would be coming in as soon as these railroads were built.

But the Navajos wanted to go back to their old country, and finally General Tappan decided to let them do so. The Navajos hated Fort Sumner so badly that they were willing to make any kind of treaty with the white people just so long as they would be allowed to go back home. So according to the treaty they made in 1868, they would be allowed to return home but would have to stay within the boundaries of a reservation which was only a small part of the country they once lived in.

The Navajos did not lose any time in leaving Fort Sumner. They left there just as soon as they could. They did not all leave and return in one big group, however. Rather, family groups would start out alone or together with other groups and would return to the Navajo country over whatever road they might choose.

The soldiers told them to gather at Fort Wingate when they had finished their journey from Fort Sumner. But conditions there soon became so crowded that it was decided to move to Fort Defiance. At this time the Navajos had nothing to eat except the food which was supplied to them by the Government. But these rations did not always arrive on time, and often there was not enough for everyone. In the fall of 1868, Mr. Dodd, the Navajo Agent, told the Indian Office that the rations must be supplied regularly or else the Indians would starve and resort to stealing.

By 1869 many of the Navajos had left Fort Defiance and were wandering about in search of food. Some were trying to find the places where they had formerly lived so they could rebuild their hogans and start life anew. But that was a bad year. There had been no rain, and there were many grasshoppers. The people could find little to eat, and there were many enemies roving about over the Navajo country.

Finally, in the fall of 1864, 14,000 sheep and 1,000 goats arrived at Fort Defiance for the Navajos. Later 16,000 additional sheep and 3,000 goats were brought. These were distributed among the Navajos to give them a new start in the livestock industry. As the Navajos received their sheep and goats they left Fort Defiance and began to spread themselves over the reservation.

However, the years 1869-1870 were filled with hardships. The crops failed, there was little water, and the people were hungry. Some of them were forced to begin raiding their neighbors outside the reservation in order to keep from starving. These raiders even got up into Utah where they attacked the Mormon settlers.

Brigham Young was then the leader of the Mormons, and to stop these Navajo raids on his people he sent a man by the name of Jacob Hamblin to Fort Defiance. Mr. Hamblin warned the Navajos to stop their attacks on the Mormon people.

In 1871 there was a late frost followed by another dry summer, so the Navajos were again without food. To keep from starving they began to steal livestock from people living around the reservation. The Navajo Agent asked for relief money, and told the Indian Office that the Navajo people could never become self-supporting from agriculture in such an area.

In 1872 Thomas V. Keam became the Agent for the Navajos. He is the man after

whom Keams Canyon was named. He found that the Navajo people had suffered from three dry years since their return from Fort Sumner, and that they were suffering many hardships. He counted 9,114 Navajos in 1872, but these were only the people who were coming in to Fort Defiance for rations. There were probably many others who did not come in.

It was Mr. Keam who organized the Navajo Police to help control the people and keep them out of trouble. The Police Force only lasted one year, however.

In 1876 the tribal leaders received word that a railroad was to be built along the southern border of the reservation, and the railroad company was to receive a strip of land on both sides of the railroad track in which every other section would be railroad land. At that time Congress used to give railroads land in this way in order to get the companies to keep building their tracks westward. The Navajos were very angry when they heard about this.

As we told before, when the Navajos returned from Fort Sumner they returned to a reservation which included only a small part of their former country. The people knew little or nothing of where the boundaries were, and many of them built their homes outside the reservation boundaries on land that had formerly been theirs. Anyway the people and their livestock were increasing, and the reservation itself was not large enough for all of them. Many people were living on the land which the Government gave to the railroad, and much of this land was good for grazing, with plenty of watering places and grass. As soon as the railroad got it, the railroad men wanted the Navajos to go back to the reservation. In other places where Navajos had settled off the reservation the land on which they lived was given to white men, and the Navajos were forced to move onto the reservation. Navajo leaders at that time knew that the people and their flocks were increasing, and they realized that what the people needed was more land. They could not afford to lose good grazing areas and watering places to the railroads or to the white settlers.

As time went on the reservation grew in size, but much of the land that was added to it was of poor quality. It was impossible for the Navajo people to make their living within the reservation boundaries.

During the ten-year period after the return from Fort Sumner the Navajos began their trading with the white people. They traded largely wool and blankets. By the end of this ten-year period the Navajos had increased to about 13,000, and they had more livestock at this time than they had ever had before.

But there was not enough land for so many people and so much livestock. Everywhere the Navajos were crying for more land, and it was difficult or impossible to keep them inside the reservation boundaries. At that time there were not very many white people in this region. It was not until after 1880 that white people began to come in in large numbers. The tracks of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad crossed northern Arizona in 1881-1882.

The summer of 1879 was dry and the Navajos lost most of their crops as well as many of their sheep. In 1879 there was a school at Fort Defiance. The school house was described as a small, filthy, leaky adobe building already twenty-eight years old. The building of a new school had been authorized, but no money had yet been appropriated.

At this time the Navajos were increasing their raids on the Zunis and on the New Mexicans, stealing their livestock. Manuelito and Ganado Mucho, who were then Navajo leaders, became worried that these raids might get the people into serious trouble again. The police were unable to stop the forays, so these two leaders decided to take care of the matter themselves. They decided that witchcraft was to blame, so they made up a list of the men suspected of witchery. Then they told their men to find the men whose names were on the list and kill them. Over forty thieves and suspected witches were killed in cold blood. One of the men killed was Biwos, a leader over toward Chinle, and one of the Navajos

who signed the treaty of 1868 as Muerto De Hambre.

By 1880 the Navajo people had increased their stock, and their reservation had doubled in size. But there was still not enough land for all the people with their herds. Too many animals grazing in the summer ranges in the mountains ate off the vegetation faster than it could renew itself. During the years 1881-1884 there were terrible cloudbursts during the summer. Without vegetation to hold the water back in the mountains, torrents of water poured down tearing the country below apart. This was perhaps the beginning of our present day erosion problems on the Navajo Reservation.

The building of the Fort Defiance school began in 1879, but the school was not completed until 1881. In those days the Indian Office did not employ teachers as it does now. Contracts were made with various religious organizations. These organizations supplied the teachers in exchange for the chance to give religious instruction. To supply the teachers for the school at Fort Defiance an agreement was made between the Indian Office and the Presbyterians.

It is said that when this school opened there were about twenty pupils who did not care whether they learned anything or not. Captain Burke, who visited the school in 1881, wrote that it was filthy and miserable. And the pupils who came to the school might stay just long enough to get some clothing, after which they would disappear. Usually the Navajos would send in only slaves or sickly children to school. They would keep the healthy ones at home to herd sheep.

The fight for land continued. For many years Navajos had lived outside the reservation in areas where there was water and grass. After the railroad was built many white people came in to the areas around the Navajo Reservation to get allotments of land. They would often get allotments of land upon which Navajos were living. The Navajos could have gotten allotments themselves, but they did not know about such matters at that time. The result was that there was a continual fight between the Navajos and the white people who were coming in.

In 1887 a throat infection spread among the Navajos and killed more than 1,000 people in a very short time.

For several years the Navajo Agents had been trying to get money to develop water on the reservation. They thought that if water could be provided more people could live within the reservation boundaries, and perhaps many of the people who were living off the reservation could be brought back. $25,000 was received in 1886 for developments at Washington Pass, Tsailee Creek, 18 Mile Spring, Chinle Valley and Fort Defiance. These were the first such developments on the reservation. In 1893 the Indian Office made $60,000 available for development of more water. Two years later a man was sent to do the actual work, but he did not know anything about conditions in this region and within two years after he had completed his work everything washed out and was lost.

As we told at the beginning, a compulsory education law for Indians was passed in 1887. In 1893 Dana L. Shipley was the Navajo Agent, and while trying to force Navajo children to come to school he got into trouble with Black Horse. After being again attacked and warned by the Navajos, he gave up his job and left the Navajo country.

The man who followed Mr. Shipley as Navajo Agent was Lieutenant Edwin H. Plummer. Lt. Plummer was well-educated and had money of his own. He was very much interested in the Navajo people and proved to be a good Agent and leader. We will quote some of his letters to the commissioner and to others which he wrote during the time he was the Agent at Fort Defiance. He remained the Agent from 1893 until 1896.

Although he had many difficulties during his time here, the most serious trouble was over on the west side of the reservation. In 1875 Mormons had settled on the Moencopi

Wash, and a new town was set up there known as Tuba City. It was named Tuba after a Hopi leader from Oraibi by the name of Tivi who had gone to Salt Lake City with Jacob Hamblin. In 1892 trouble developed between the Navajo and Hopi on one side and the Mormons on the other over water and land rights. A Mormon named Lot Smith was killed by a Navajo called Chách'osh. This affair at Tuba City took up much of Agent Plummer's time. We will tell more about this trouble at Tuba City in another book.

In this book we are mainly interested in telling the story of the trouble at Round Rock between Agent Shipley and Black Horse during October 1892. We have told a little of the conditions in the Navajo country from 1868 up to the time Mr. Shipley became Agent. We told these things in order that the reader can better understand the background against which this trouble at Round Rock took place.

On November 2, 1892, Agent Dana L. Shipley wrote a letter to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, explaining the cause of this fight with Black Horse, and telling just what happened. We will quote that letter here, as well as several others by the Agent. This will not only give the white man's account of the Round Rock affair, but will also give the reader an idea of conditions on the Navajo Reservation during Mr. Shipley's time.

"Navajo Agency, N.M., Nov. 2, 1892. Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C. Sir:

"Referring to my telegram dated Round Rock, October 30, 1892, I herewith submit the following particulars regarding my recent trouble with the Navajos.

"Being desirous to fill my Agency School with Navajo children, and considering the fact that that part of the reservation lying in the vicinity of Round Rock had not contributed any children to the school, it appeared to be the best and most proper district to visit.

"In company with Chee, who owns a large store at Round Rock, seven police, my Interpreter and the Industrial Teacher we arrived at Tse-a-lee, a point about 50 miles north of the Agency. Here I divided my force into three parties, sending two police into the Carrizo Mountain district; my interpreter and a judge of the Court of Indian Offenses, with a guide to point out the hogans, left for Canyon De Chelly; while myself with the remainder of the party, proceeded to Round Rock.

"From my Carrizo Mountain division, it appears that Black Horse had learned that I was at Round Rock for the purpose of procuring 25 or 30 children, which had been promised me by the friendly Navajos of this vicinity. He immediately collected his band of outlaws and proceeded to Round Rock to oppose me in my intentions.

"After he arrived, I went into council with him and his followers. In this council I made him every fair and honorable promise as to the treatment and attention which would be given these children. I also reminded him and his people what had been done by the Government for the Navajo Indians, and how he and his faction by their conduct were abusing the confidence that had been placed in them by the Government in its greatness in granting them full pardon for all past offenses when from starvation they were compelled to surrender as prisoners of war in 1862 and 1863. I spoke at length on what was being done in the way of education of their children and for their advancement, and assured them to what their opposition would lead and the punishment that would surely follow if they disregarded my instructions, and the wish of the Department. But he was obstinate and demanded that the children be turned over to him and refused to compromise in any way. The result was that after he had threatened to kill me and my followers if I didn't comply with certain very unreasonable demands, such as 'closing down the school,' 'to make no further arrests on the reservation,' 'to wipe out the entire Indian work,' 'wanted nothing to do with the Government, Agent or anyone else,' 'wanted no houses built nor any tools, implements—

in fact no trade store on the reservation,' and even 'to abandon the Agency entirely,' and would prevent any Navajos in his district or any other portion of the reservation to send children to school.' He worked on his followers to such an extent that they rushed on me, and very violently overpowered me and removed me from the building in which the council was held. Here they continued their violence on my person, until a very powerful friendly Navajo, assisted by my police, the trader Chee and his clerk Mr. Hubbell, succeeded in tearing me away from them and getting me on the inside of the trader's store again.

"The doors and windows were immediately barricaded, and all possible preparations were made for a defense in case of an attack on the building. The wildest excitement prevailed among Black Horse and his band on the outside.

"In our then present condition, with only a handful of men, and no more than fifty rounds of ammunition for two Winchester rifles, and revolvers, then add to this their crazed and defiant yells of 'kill the Agent,' 'kill all the d____', 'don't leave one to tell the tale,'—with such like threats, had a tendency to place a very unsatisfactory and alarming phase to our situation. Had it not been for a policeman making good his escape on the first outbreak and reporting to Lieut. Brown, who was then stationed at Tse-a-lee, a point about 25 miles south of us, and the impossibility which a hard, continuous rain made for setting the building on fire from the outside, there would not have been the slightest chance for one of us escaping with our lives.

"The Indians were frantic and chided themselves for not having killed me and the rest of the party when they had an opportunity. We were subjected to this very uncertain suspense for nearly 36 hours, with the Indians continuing their threats throughout the entire time. I was compelled to make all sorts of promises to this gang of thieves and murderers in order to partially pacify them.

"Our condition was very critical at the arrival of Lieutenant Brown and his ten men, who had delayed for the report of a courier which he had dispatched to us to learn whether or not our condition was alarming and needed assistance. The arrival of his party had the desired effect. Black Horse then requested that no troops be sent in his section, but Lieutenant Brown told him he could not say as to what would be done in this matter by General McCook, but gave him to understand that the offense of which he and his followers were guilty was a very grave one, that of assaulting a U.S. Officer. So the trouble was settled for the present, having suffered no further personal injury than a broken nose and a bruised body for myself, and dangerous head wounds inflicted by clubs on the person of one of my most faithful police. However, the most vital point in connection was my entire forfeiture of the purpose intended to this renegade Indian and his band of followers.

"In this procuring of these thirty-four children I had the support of all the best and leading Indians, among them being Chee, Chailch-et (?)[1], Isch-bia-sian-ny (?)[1], and Bekud-dy, all the above named Indians being government officers at this agency.

"If I am not supported in this matter and compelled to leave this rebuke go unpunished, it will indefinitely retard the school work among the Navajos.[2]

"And now in view of the perilous condition of affairs at Round Rock, and the danger which both life and property is subjected to, I have recommended to the Post Commander

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1 These names are too dim and badly deleted to be accurately deciphered.

2 In a similar letter to the Commanding Officer at Fort Wingate, almost an exact duplicate of this report to the Commissioner, Shipley says "—if I am compelled to leave this rebuke go unanswered for, we might just as well appoint old Black Horse as Agent and Cammissioner, and move out."

"This Indian has run everything his own way ever since he has been old enough to run anything and is of the worst and lowest type of mean Indians. Nothing is too bad or mean for him to do, if it will further his desire in any way. The friendly Indians are very much afraid of him and his outlaw gang and are strong in the opinion that he should be brought to sure and immediate justice."

at Ft. Wingate that a detachment of ten or fifteen men, equipped with subsistence sufficient at least to hold them over the winter, be stationed at Round Rock, and have further requested that at least one company be stationed at this Agency for protection. Desiring to exhaust all reasonable means before going to extremes, I have sent a messenger to Black Horse and those implicated in this fracas requesting that they come to the Agency. If they refuse to come, I then respectfully recommend their removal from the reservation, and confinement in some military prison, some distance from the Navajo country."

On November 12, 1892, Agent Shipley wrote to the Commanding Officer at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, asking again for soldiers. He asked for enough soldiers to arrest Black Horse and bring him in by force. In this letter he said—"Referring to my letter of the 2nd. inst. in which I requested the use of troops to maintain my authority on the reservation, and having requested Black Horse and the other Navajos who were implicated in the trouble at Round Rock to come to the Agency. He has sent me word that he will not come and is making preparations for a defense, a courier having learned that some of his men were on the San Juan River trying to purchase ammunition, he is also trying to induce some of the Black Mountain Navajos to join him.

"In view of the fact that Black Horse and his band have refused to recognize or yield to my authority as Agent, I herewith renew my request for the use of troops in sufficient number to make the arrest of Black Horse, and those who are directly responsible for the trouble."

Agent Shipley's request for soldiers to arrest Black Horse was not acted upon by the Commanding Officer at Fort Wingate. On November 16, 1892, Shipley again wrote to the Commanding Officer, telling him that he had received word from Chee (Dodge) that conditions were getting worse in the vicinity of Round Rock. Shipley said, "If anything serious comes from this neglect to furnish troops the blame will not rest on my head."

Two days later, on November 18, Shipley wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs complaining that he had tried to get soldiers from Fort Wingate to arrest Black Horse, but that no soldiers had come. He also said that he had called a meeting of Navajo leaders for November 23 to discuss the trouble with Black Horse and decide upon a course of action to be taken. Shipley pointed out that when a military officer by the name of Lieutenant Britt was attacked by Navajos, General McCook sent out 250 soldiers with orders to capture the leader of the outbreak, and if the Navajos fired a gun the soldiers were to kill the prisoner and open fire on the other Navajos. It seemed to Shipley that the military officers did not care about him because he was not himself a soldier. He further pointed out to the commissioner that the meeting of Navajo leaders might prevent a fight with Black Horse, but it would not help the Agent to get children for the school.

The meeting was held with the Navajo leaders on November 25, 1892, but Black Horse was scarcely mentioned. The Navajos spent most of the time complaining about the treatment of their children at the Fort Defiance school, and especially about Mr. Wadleigh, the school Superintendent. The Navajos said that they wanted their children to be well-treated while they were in school. One of the Navajos, a man named Gordy, said, "When we put our children in school it is like giving our hearts up, and when the Superintendent abuses our children it hurts us very much. The name we have given this superintendent is Billy Goat. A billy goat is always butting all the rest of the sheep and imposing on them, and we think this is a good name for him. We make this complaint to you white people who want to see children well-treated. And now we want a new superintendent who will take interest in our children and treat them as we do."

The treatment of the children at the Fort

Defiance school at that time may have had a great deal to do with the refusal of many Navajo parents to place their children in school. At this council meeting which Agent Shipley had called to discuss Black Horse many Navajos spoke against the school.

One said "When I brought my boy to school he had two eyes. The next time I saw him he only had one. I don't know how it happened, but it occurred sometime since school commenced this fall."

Another Navajo leader said, "Reports come to me that the Superintendent has been catching some of the boys by the throat and puts his hand over their mouth and smothers them."

There was also a complaint from an Indian woman who said that her son "was confined as a prisoner in the belfry of the school building for the period of two days without food. After this period the boy was allowed to go out in the school yard with handcuffs on his ankles. In this condition the boy attempted to reach his home, a distance of about ¾ of a mile, by crawling on his hands and knees. When within a short distance of home the boy sank to the ground exhausted, where his mother found him and carried him home."

The Agency carpenter wrote to Mr. Shipley on November 24, 1892 as follows, "—Mr. Wadleigh is guilty of vile and inhuman treatment of the Navajo boys in school, by placing them with handcuffs on their hands in the dark and poorly ventilated cellar of the old school building. This cellar, as you well know, is at the present time and was when I came here used as a storage room for salt pork, barrels of vinegar and syrup, kerosene oil, rotten potatoes and spoiled fresh meats. . . ."

Toward the end of the year 1892 Agent Shipley began to have trouble in the far northwestern part of the reservation. The Indians in that area thought that the land was theirs and did not want white prospectors to come into it. The land in question had been opened for their use by an Executive Order of May 17, 1884, but this Order only stated that the land would be set apart for Indian use. It did not say that the land in question would be for Navajos only.

Early in 1893 Agent Shipley again had trouble with the Navajos. He became afraid of them and resigned. He was followed by Lieutenant Edwin H. Plummer, as we told before. Agent Plummer worked among the Navajos for four years. During the first year or two after he became Agent he had trouble with Black Horse, as well as with other Navajos living along the San Juan River. He wrote many letters telling about these troubles and about how he settled them. He also told many interesting things about conditions as he found them here in his day.

Lt. Plummer took charge of the Navajo Agency on April 1, 1893. The superintendent of the school, Mr. Wadleigh, had resigned. In his first letter to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated April 11, 1893, he speaks about the school problems. He said in part, "The position of Superintendent of the School here will be a most difficult one to fill now. The prejudice against the school, aroused by Mr. Wadleigh's treatment of the children, is partly shown in a report of a Council held here November 25th last: . . . . . To remove this prejudice, regain the confidence of Indian parents and children, to arouse and keep up their interest in the progress of the education of the children will be a most difficult task, requiring the exercise of rare tact and qualities possessed by comparatively few persons."

Lt. Plummer pointed out, however, that elsewhere on the Navajo reservation people did want education for their children and were already asking for schools. He says "While the attempt to procure pupils for the school here nearly resulted in a massacre, a lady missionary working in the northern part of this reservation has been repeatedly urged by the Indians in that vicinity to open a school, and promised an attendance of at least forty pupils. This is an illustration of what might be accomplished if the proper person were in charge of the educational work here."

But school problems were not the only ones

that concerned Lt. Plummer during his first month as Agent here. On April 14, 1893, he sent a wire to the Commissioner in which he said that he had received reports of a large band of Navajos raiding north of the San Juan River. On the following day he wrote to Chee Dodge, then a trader at Round Rock. He told Chee that he wanted to see Black Horse to ask him to help stop the raids. He said in this letter, "I am anxious to consult with Black Horse and have him advise and assist me in settling the affair, and I want you to come and see me, if possible, as to sending for him and making him understand why I wish to see him, that it is as a chief on whom I must depend to help me control the Navajos. . . ."

Apparently Black Horse did not come to see the Agent, but it was not long before Lt. Plummer met this Navajo Chieftain. Many white settlers had come into the area along the San Juan River by 1893. The Indians living on the reservation in the area south of the river were poor, and often times they did not have enough to eat. The white people tried to keep the Navajos within the reservation boundaries, but many Navajos were forced to go beyond these boundaries in order to find grass for their sheep. The white people had cattle on the rangeland outside the reservation, and the Navajos would often kill these cattle to eat. This gave rise to much trouble along the San Juan River.

On May 20, 1893, Lt. Plummer wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. His letter tells so much about the conditions along the river that we will quote the whole letter here.

"On the afternoon of April 21st I received, by courier, a letter from Mrs. Whyte, Field Matron, living at Jewett, N. M., telling me that a citizen named Welsh had been murdered in cold blood by a Navajo Indian on the 19th of April.

"I started for Jewett the following morning, the 22nd, arriving there on the morning of the 24th.

"On the same day I sent word to the Indian supposed to have committed the murder that I wished him to come to my camp. He came in the same evening and, through the Interpreter, confessed to me that he had committed the murder. On the following afternoon I made further investigation regarding the murder and the subsequent robbing of Mr. Welsh's store the night of the murder. After completing this investigation I gave orders to move camp to the Farmer's residence, about 12 miles farther east on the San Juan River. I instructed the Indian police, of which there were five, that the murderer and his wife must accompany us, and cautioned them to watch them closely. While I was hitching mules to buckboard and others of the party were saddling ponies the murderer and his wife escaped. I at once sent Indian police in pursuit but they were unable to find the man or any trace of him. I then talked to a large party of Indians who were present and advised them that it would be best for their interests to catch and surrender the murderer to me. They not only refused to do so, but some of them were insolent and intimated that they were responsible to no one and that no person could control them. I argued and advised them, but they said that they had heard Agents talk before and placed no reliance in what I said to them. I learned subsequently that friends of the murderer had, at this time, a large party concealed nearby in readiness to take the murderer from my policeman if attempt was made to arrest or remove him from the Reservation.

"My policemen informed me that they were unable to arrest the man, fearing to attempt it against the wishes of a larger party better armed, etc.

"In view of this condition of affairs I deemed it advisable to ask for assistance of troops, believing that a sufficient display of such force would bring the Indians to terms without violence of any kind. This proved to be the case. After learning that troops had been sent for the disposition of the Indians changed and they intimated that no resistance would

be offered to the arrest and removal of the murderer.

"I succeeded in getting a small party to agree to search for the murderer. They found him and later agreed to secure and deliver him to me. This was accomplished on the night of April 29-30th. At 2 a.m., April 30th, I was awakened and informed that Nesh-kai-hay, the murderer, had been secured and that the party was on the way with him and wished me to meet them, fearing the attempt of relatives and friends to rescue him. I starter at once, with Farmer Francis and the interpreter to meet them. We met the party at 3:30 a.m. We returned to the Farmer's residence, crossed the river to Fruitland where I hired a conveyance and hurried through to Aztec, the County Seat. There was some danger of citizens attempting a lynching, but we arrived at Aztec at 9 a.m., a distance 32 miles, and the murderer was locked up in the county jail.

"On Thursday, April 27th, while I was at the Farmer's residence, word was brought to me that Indians had surrounded the store of Mr. Whyte, husband of Mrs. Whyte, Field Matron, at Jewett, 12 miles distant, and that threats of murder and burning were being made. I started at once for Mr. Whyte's, accompanied by the Farmer and interpreter. Upon arriving at Whyte's we found that the Indians had dispersed. The disturbance was caused by an Indian crossing to the north side of the San Juan the night before, leaving his pony with friends and promising to return, but failing to do so and his friends hearing shots supposed that he had been murdered by white people in revenge for the killing of Mr. Welsh. A party congregated at Whyte's and said that if the whites had commenced killing they would commence too, beginning with the people at Whyte's and the Mission. Captain Daugherty was permitted by the Indians to go to a neighboring store to make inquiries regarding the missing man, and fortunately found him and brought him back to Whyte's. This satisfied the Indians and they returned to the Reservation.

"The report of the crowd and threats at Whyte's was carried by runners to Farmington, Aztec, Durango and other places and large parties of citizens armed and proceeded to Whyte's, to render assistance if necessary. Reports of the trouble were greatly exaggerated by runners and by newspapers and led to many accounts of trouble that did not occur at all.

"The depredations committed along the San Juan River by Navajo Indians during the past ten or twelve years have, without many exceptions, gone unpunished or uninvestigated. I know that reports of the condition of affairs in that vicinity have been made to the Interior Department, but only a personal visit and investigation would convince anyone of the true state of affairs and the almost incredible outrages and abuses perpetrated by Indians on white people without punishment from authorities or sufferers. A climax seemed however to have been reached with the murder of Welsh and the subsequent action of the Indians at Whyte's, arousing a unanimous feeling among the white people that the time had come when they must rise and join in asserting the right to their property and lives. The party of citizens who remained at Whyte's on the night of April 27th decided the following morning to proceed to drive all Indians living off the reservation in that vicinity back within the reservation line. They sent word to me that this was their decision and that they would commence at noon of the 28th. I feared that with the state of feeling existing on both sides such action on the part of the citizens would precipitate open hostilities and lead to much bloodshed. I hastened to the point where I was informed the work would commence and found a party of over thirty citizens driving Indians with flocks and herds before them. I advised and persuaded the citizens to leave such work for troops, which was agreed to with but little demur. It was at this time that I requested authority to designate the San Juan River as the northern boundary of the Navajo Reservation. The little piece of the reservation

north of the river, west of Jewett is a barren uninhabitable tract, with the exception of a few small flats on the river bank, but it gives the Navajos an excuse to cross the river, an excuse of no mark to define boundary of Reservation, an opening to pass over the Ute Reservation to Durango and other places where whiskey can be and is obtained in quantities and in the same way introduced on the reservation. It would be much easier to control the Indians and much trouble could be avoided if the River were designated as the boundary. The Indians complain too of too many corners in the line and ask to have it straightened. There are no white settlers on the land referred to, and no wood, water, grass or other inducement for them to locate on it.

"There are no unauthorized white people on any part of the Reservation, while the Navajos are off the Reservation on every side of it, killing cattle, stealing ponies, etc. Those along the San Juan River, recently made to return to the Reservation, are already complaining that they are starving since they have not access to beef cattle of white people north of the river.

"If the western boundary could be extended to the Little Colorado River, similar troubles in the vicinity could also be avoided".

"I notified all Indians living off the Reservation, north of the San Juan River, that they must return to the Reservation, and all or nearly all had complied with the order before I returned here. A few with sick children and flocks were unable to cross on account of high water.

"Near River View, Utah, about sixty miles west of Fruitland, there is a store owned by Daugherty and Hyde. This firm had built a large ferry boat operated on a steel wire cable, for hauling wool across the river. Indians were forbidden to use this boat as they did not understand the management of it and there was danger of their swamping it if they attempted to use it. On April 5th two Indians took the boat from its moorings and would not stop or return it when ordered to do so by Captain W.W. Daugherty, U.S. Army retired, a brother of Mr. Daugherty of the above named firm. Captain Daugherty fired two shots into the water near the boat to compel the Indians to return with it, which they did. They then gathered a party of about thirty-five Indians, went to the store and demanded that they be paid two hundred dollars as redress for the shooting, or they would burn the buildings, etc. The money was paid and I was notified of the facts. About ten days later an Indian, while drunk, burned a large crib built in connection with the cable of the ferry boat. And afterwards threatened to kill Mr. Hyde. These Indians belonged to Black Horse's band. On May 7th I went to Black Horse's camp, accompanied by troops, and informed him that the Indians who demanded and received the $200.00 and the man who burned the crib must be turned over to me to be brought to the Agency for trial by the Court of Indian Offenses, and that the $200.00 must be returned to the owners of the store. Black Horse demurred at first, but finally agreed to meet me at Hyde's store on the following Thursday with two of the men and the money. The troops with me were out of rations so it was necessary to return to Fruitland and start out again with fresh troops, on the north side of the river. I left Fruitland May 9th, accompanied by two troops of cavalry and proceeded to Hyde's store, arriving there Thursday the 11th instant. Black Horse arrived on the following day, accompanied by about thirty-five bucks. He turned over to me the two prisoners and promised to pay the $200.00 as soon as it could be raised by the friends of the prisoners. Black Horse expressed an intention the night before to refuse to comply with my wishes and to defy my authority, but being better advised and finding me supported by troops he decided to act as I wished.

"I was informed that there were grown men in Black Horse's party who had never seen an Agent before. There has been a great deal of cattle killing, horse stealing and whiskey traffic by Indians in that vicinity. I warned the

Indians that the white people and their property must not be molested and that the traffic in liquor must be stopped.

"I heard of a case west of Hyde's store where an Indian has in his possession $1000 worth of horses belonging to a white man, which he acknowledges but refuses to return. For want of time I was compelled to defer investigation of the case.

"I returned to Fruitland with the troops, arriving there on Monday the 15th. On the same afternoon I went to Aztec, 32 miles distant to attend preliminary hearing in the case of the murderer of Mr. Welsh, which was held the following morning. He was committed to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. I returned to Fruitland the same day and on the following morning started for the Agency, arriving here at 11 a.m., the 18th. While absent I traveled, by buckboard and horseback 659 miles."

On June 5, 1893, Lt. Plummer wrote to Chee Dodge as follows, "I will send the things for Black Horse by your wagons. Please tell him that I would very much like to release those prisoners as they have been confined so long and as soon as I get the $200.00 and the gun I will send a runner to the Officer in command of the troops and tell him to turn the men loose. . . . . "

On June 22, 1893, Lt. Plummer wrote to Captain Daugherty, telling him that Black Horse had sent word that he had collected $180.00. Lt. Plummer said that he would set the prisoners free at once. He also told Captain Daugherty that he would "come up and attend to the horses being released just as soon as I can get away for long enough. I have a murder case and a four thousand head of sheep steal to settle down here, besides several minor cases and I may not be able to get away before August."

On June 27, 1893, the Agent wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Speaking of the Navajos living along the San Juan River, he said, "The Indians in that vicinity are so far from the Agency and have seen and felt so little of the authority of the Government that they are not easily controlled, and I believe that if they are not controlled and prevented from returning to their former habits serious trouble will be the result."

It is clear from Lt. Plummer's letters that conditions on the Navajo Reservation in the 1890's were very unsettled. The Agent had a hard time keeping the Indians from getting into serious trouble with the white people and, as we shall see, the Indians were having a hard time to make a living. At this time Lt. Plummer estimated that there were about 20,000 Navajos. It seems that the Indian Office had told him to count the Navajos. Since it would have been impossible for him to count the people he wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs telling him that "This tribe comprises about 20,000 Indians, scattered over some 12,000 or 14,000 square miles of country, living in mountains and secluded places difficult of access and often almost impossible to find unless known to the searcher. Many of them (are) located from one to two hundred miles off the Reservation. If every available employee and animal pertaining to the Agency, including school and police were started tomorrow on this work it could not be completed within the time specified. I will endeavor to secure an approximate estimate of the population. This was all that was really obtained when the last regular census was made, with all the time and facilities, funds, etc. at the disposal of those making it."

In many ways Navajo economic conditions as described by Lt. Plummer in the 1890's sound very much the same as they do today. The people were increasing, but their reservation land was not growing as fast as the population. There was not enough feed for the livestock, and the sheep were becoming poor in quality. This fact is brought out by the Agent in a letter of May 22, 1893 to the Secretary of the Indian Rights Association, in which he says, "A cross breed of sheep is also very much needed as continued inbreeding has greatly reduced the yield of wool. . . . ."

In a letter of December 27, 1893 to the Commissioner, the Agent points out that boundary markers should be put up on that part of the reservation running northward about 15 miles from near Jewett, New Mexico. In this area itself there was no stock water, and the Indians were in the habit of watering their livestock at a place four or five miles east of the reservation. While watering their animals they would let them graze on the off reservation range, and this led to continual trouble with the white cattle men. Also, Lt. Plummer says "Last winter many cattle were killed in this vicinity by Navajos. They are much more in need of food this winter and will probably resort to cattle killing again whenever opportunity offers unless kept on the reservation in that vicinity."

In a letter of December 29, 1893, Lt. Plummer again speaks of the poverty of the Navajos. He asked if funds would be available that year with which to buy wagons, scrapers, plows, wire fence and alfalfa seed for the Navajos. He says, "If ditches are constructed, as appropriated for last year, some provision should be made to enable the Indians to make use of the water after the completion of the ditches.

"These Indians are too poor now to buy anything. They cannot buy the necessities of life. There is a strong desire among them now to improve their land and to make some effort towards improving their pastures. Their grazing lands are in very poor condition and complaints are continually made about their trespasses on the lands off the reservation with their flocks.

"A strong complaint comes in tonight from the Atlantic and Pacific, not only that Navajos are occupying lands granted to the railroad, but that settlers will not buy or use the lands of the railroad company while Indians are occupying the adjoining lands. I know this to be the case. Every session of the Legislature of Arizona passes resolutions urging that the Navajos be kept on their Reservation.

"The Reservation and the Indians are so impoverished that it is not practicable to hold them all on the Reservation as things are at present, especially on the south and west, but I believe that if water of the springs and streams on the Reservation were developed, as they may easily be, and the Indians assisted to, and encouraged in, improving their pastures and cultivating farms it would result in their all coming to the Reservation, and if the Reservation were extended and enlarged by the extending of it to the Little Colorado River on the west and making the southern line an extension of the Moqui Reservation, I believe that the whole tribe could be induced without difficulty to occupy only their own lands. . . . If these Indians are not materially assisted this year and (if) next year proves to be a dry one and a poor wool season, rations will have to be issued to the majority of the tribe next winter to prevent them from starving to death."

In his letter of May 20, 1893, in which he reported to the Commissioner on his activities in connection with the murder of Mr. Welsh, the Agent said, "About half way between the Agency and Fruitland I visited and inspected a dam built in Cottonwood Wash by an Indian known as Captain Tom. He built cribs of logs and filled them with rocks, backed by earth, making a dam about twenty five feet thick which turns nearly all the water of the creek off on a prairie, bringing about two hundred acres under irrigation. The work is very creditable. The land is used for pasture and for planting.

"The idea that the Navajos are self-supporting is certainly erroneous. Unless subsisting on cattle of white people can be called self-support. Their principal diet is meat and they never use their ponies or sheep for food if they can get beef by stealing. They are poor and getting poorer, and unless assisted materially very soon they must be fed by the Government or forced to increase their stealing. Their flocks have been largely diminished by sale, sickness and occasional use for food. The greater majority have no visible means of

support at all and must live on stolen cattle, through stealing ponies and horses, or on the fast diminishing herds of others.

"The great need is for fences, ditches, seeds (principally potatoes, wheat, alfalfa, oats and corn) planted, cultivated, and products gathered and distributed or stored, under the direction of Farmers, the introduction of a cross breed of sheep, and the compulsory exchange of large numbers of worthless ponies for sheep or cattle."

On January 3, 1894, Lt. Plummer wrote to Mr. C. H. Fancher, General Agent for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (now the Santa Fe). The railroad officials had been writing to the Agent demanding that Navajos be made to move back onto the reservation wherever they were living outside the boundaries. The railroad was especially interested in getting rid of Navajos who were living on railroad land.

In this letter Lt. Plummer said, "The Reservation is not large enough or in condition to support the herds of the Navajos and this has been made the subject of several reports by me.

"Last winter money was appropriated for the purpose of developing the water on the Reservation, constructing ditches, reservoirs, etc. Up to the present time, so far as I know, nothing whatever has yet been done about carrying out this work. I believe that if done the resources of the Reservation would soon be so developed as to draw nearly all of the Navajos onto the Reservation. As it is now they could not be provided for on the Reservation, unless fed by the Government. They are considered by the Government a self-supporting tribe and it is very difficult to get anything for them from the Government. The annual appropriation for the Support and Civilization of the Navajos is only $7500.00. Out of this comes all the running expenses of the Agency.

"I have frequently represented to the Indian Office the condition of this tribe; and in their present condition, unless assisted, must starve or steal.

". . . . I fully appreciate the situation and have for a long time, but have not been able to make it clear to the authorities in Washington. The same or a similar state of affairs exists in other localities where the Navajos have been compelled to move off the Reservation to get grazing for their flocks.

"I would recommend that you have the authorities of your road in the east visit the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in Washington, and fully explain the situation to him. If this were done persistently by your road and by the cattle men and others interested I believe that proper measures would be adopted to relieve the situation, which I consider, and have so reported, very serious. It is not understood or appreciated in Washington or anywhere away from the Reservation. Only those in continual contact with these Indians know how impoverished they and their Reservation are, and what urgent necessity there is that something be done for them, as well for their sakes as to give the settlers about the Reservation the enjoyment of their rights. If these Indians must be fed and supported it should be done by or through the general Government and not by those who are compelled to on and about the Reservation. . . . but I also understand the situation better than anyone else and see difficulties to speedy adjustment of the difficulties that do not appear to those living at a distance."

Lt. Plummer was interested in Navajo problems, and tried his very best to help the people. He knew that one of the answers to Navajo problems was the education of their children. But few Navajos at that time were interested in education. They lived very much as they had always lived and had little interest in learning the ways of the white man. In fact, many Navajos did not believe that there were very many white men. They had never seen many . . . . only the few who came onto the Reservation for one reason or another, or those few settlers that lived around the Navajo country. Some of the younger Navajos felt that the tribe was stronger than the white people.

Then too, the schools on the Navajo Reservation at that time were not always as good as they might have been. We have told how the children were mistreated at the Fort Defiance school. It took Lt. Plummer a long time to regain the confidence of Navajo parents and to get them to again send their children to that school. It was also very difficult to get good teachers and other school employees to come to the Navajo country. In those days life was hard on the Reservation, and the salaries paid to the teachers were very small. The teachers received about $600 a year at that time and had to work very hard, so the best ones stayed back east where life was easier and the pay higher.

In order to convince the Navajos that the United States Government was strong enough to force the tribe to behave if necessary, and to convince the Navajo people that education was a necessity for their children, Lt. Plummer decided to take a group of Navajos to visit the east. He got the approval of the Commissioner for this trip, but the Indian Office had no money to pay the expenses. Lt. Plummer originally planned to take the group of Navajos to Washington as well as to other large cities in the east. His mother lived on a farm near Baltimore, and he wanted to take the group there for a rest after their visit to the eastern cities. However, such a trip would cost too much money, so he had to change his plans.

In the year 1893 there was a great fair in Chicago, called The World's Columbian Exposition, and Lt. Plummer decided to take his group of Indians to this fair. It was through the Indian Rights Association and its Secretary, Mr. Herbert Welsh, that Lt. Plummer got the money for the trip. We will quote some of the letters here which tell of his reason for making the trip, and the results of this visit to the east.

On June 5, 1893, Lt. Plummer wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs asking for approval to his plan for taking a group of Navajos to visit the east. In this letter the Agent said, "I recommend that arrangements be made to have a carload of Navajo Indians visit Washington and two or three larger cities in the early autumn, for the purpose of seeing something of the educational methods of Americans, and the power, extent and advantages of civilization.

"But this means that advantages of education and the resources and strength of Americans would be demonstrated to the Indians in a way and to an extent that could never be accomplished by any amount of talk or reasoning, or in any way except by observation, the natural and almost only way for the Indian to acquire knowledge.

"The Indians to be selected for this journey should be from those living most remote from civilization and from those most opposed to adopting civilized modes of living and the educational advantages offered for their children.

"Many of the young men of this tribe believe that they are superior to Americans in every way, having seen only a few settlers scattered along the frontier, few specimens of Americans and those of the worst type.

"When two troops of cavalry visited an Indian encampment a short time ago an Indian remarked that he had heard that there were a great many Americans, but he had no idea that there were so many as those present

"Indians learn and are influenced almost entirely by observation. Their observation of education and its advantages has not been sufficient in extent or degree to develop in them a desire to have their offspring educated as would undoubtedly be the case if some of them could see personally some larger school and the methods of educating American children and tell it to their people."

On June 22, 1893, Lt. Plummer wrote to Herbert Welsh, Secretary of the Indian Rights Association, saying that he had applied to friends on the railroad for rates for a carload of Navajos. He pointed out that it was not the leading men of the tribe who needed to visit

the east and find out something of the strength of the white men, but some of the younger men who "are rebelling against and opposing the efforts to educate and civilize the children, and who think that they are stronger than the whites." The older men had learned about white men and about the white man's way of life at Fort Sumner.

In another letter to Herbert Welsh, dated June 29, 1893, Lt. Plummer said that he had hoped to visit the girls' school at Vassar because "They (the Navajos) have such an aversion to having their girls go away from home to school I wanted them to see a large girls' boarding school."

On July 1, 1893, the Agent wrote to Major S. K. Hooper, General Passenger Agent for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. He said, "We have had much trouble convincing these Indians of the advantages of education, and I am very desirous of showing them some of the large schools for white children. There are some young bucks of the tribe who have a contempt for the strength of the whites, and I wish to have some of these see something of civilization. It is chiefly those on the northern part of the Reservation that are to be convinced, so that it would be just as well to go out by way of Durango. If I so arrange, it will only stop off at Denver. I think that they can see enough in that city and Chicago to convince them of all that I wish to impress upon them. As the Government cannot afford the expense of the trip I shall make no endeaver to take them to Washington."

Lt. Plummer's party left Gallup, New Mexico, on October 13, 1893, traveling on money raised by the Indian Rights Association. There were eleven men, one school girl, and two school boys in the group. In a letter to the Secretary of the Indian Rights Association on October 26, 1893, the Agent said that, after leaving Kansas City, three of the Chiefs asked to talk to him.

They told him that "They had always supposed that they knew all about the country we were traveling through from their ancestors, but that they now saw that they were mistaken. They had supposed that there were very few white men in that part of the country, but they saw that it was full of them. One of the Chiefs added that now when the Navajos were "acting mean" he had something to tell them that would make them behave themselves."

While in Chicago the party of Navajos camped on the Fair Grounds at the World's Columbian Exposition. There they visited all the exhibits, and everything they saw was carefully explained to them. They were also shown about the city and visited many large industries there.

The party left Chicago on the twenty-first of October, and arrived back on the Reservation on October twenty-fourth. During the evening of their arrival they told about their experiences to a group of school children and visiting Indians at the Agency. Two of the Navajo leaders were said to have spoken out strongly urging the people to place their children in school. The cost of the entire trip was $754.17, as Lt. Plummer reported it to Mr. Welsh.

Under Plummer's guidance Navajo interest in education began to grow. However, the schools were not large enough. Children were crowded then as badly as they are in some of the present day reservation schools. The Agent points these facts out in a letter to the Commissioner dated December 26, 1893, in which he describes conditions at Keams Canyon. He felt that the school was good as far as educational work went, but of the buildings he says:

"Into dormitories which the physician says should accommodate forty pupils, eighty to one hundred are crowded. This renders the condition as crowded nearly as the homes of the pupils. Scarlatina and mumps have lately been among the diseases treated by the physician, and in the crowded condition of the building it is almost impossible to prevent the spread of the disease, and if deaths occur a strong prejudice will be aroused against the school, to say nothing of conducting a board-

ing school for any human pupils with such a condition of accommodations. The mess room and the kitchen are in the same room entirely too crowded for the purpose. The boys' dormitory and wash room (used as a sitting room for the boys) are without ceilings, and the latter is very much in need of a new floor. The store rooms are entirely inadequate. The flour and winter supply of potatoes are crowded into a small room, with only a few square feet of space near the door. The potatoes on the bottom of the pile will naturally be last used and will, especially in the closely packed, ill-ventlated condition of the room, become very much decayed before using. The flour on the same level will also be last used, and while in store will absorb more or less of the exudations from the decaying potatoes and would probably be injurious to health of any eating bread made from it. Ample appropriations should be made for the construction of additional school and store buildings."

On January 8, 1894, Lt. Plummer again wrote to the Commissioner. The Navajo Agent was not sure whether or not to consider himself in charge of the Hopis and asked about this matter. He had just returned from a visit to the Hopi villages and found that the Hopis did not want to send their children to school either. He talked with some of the Hopis and got a half promise that they would send their children to school. However, when the time came, no children appeared. His interpreter, a boy who had just returned from Haskell, told him that the Hopis would rather have policemen sent for their children. Lt. Plummer says, "This is in opposition to the policy I have adopted with the Navajos, but having so little to do with the administration of the affairs of the Moqui (Hopis) I was led to believe that this means would be satisfactory to them and would secure the children, so (I) sent some policemen who, accompanied by Mr. Goodman, visited the villages but failed to secure the children. And it is now reported to me that soldiers must be sent to force the children. I must say that I do not believe this method should be pursued. If soldiers are sent I believe that it should be to arrest and confine the headmen who are responsible for the children not being sent to school."

In this letter Lt. Plummer reminds the Commissioner of the letter of December 26 in which he described the crowded condition of the school at Keams Canyon. And he recommended that no action be taken to get more children into school there until the school was made large enough to take care of them.

Plummer was working closely with the Navajos, trying to convince them of the need for educating their children. He tried to persuade them to place their children in school, rather than send soldiers to force them to do so. In this way he was regaining the confidence of the people and was well on his way to building up a school that was really running. In his letter to the Commissioner he said, "I received word today that twelve children had been gathered for this school near Round Rock, where Agent Shipley had a fight with the Navajos while trying to secure children, and aroused even a stronger prejudice against the school than existed before.—I mention this to show how entirely the sentiment of the Navajos has changed toward school work and I believe that if the proper methods are pursued with the Moquis similar results will be attained."

On January 22, 1894, Plummer wrote to his friend Herbert Welsh of the Indian Rights Association. He said, "The Chicago Trip had a wonderful effect on the tribe. Especially in the desire for educational work. We have now a larger attendance at the Boarding School here (Fort Defiance) than there has ever been before, and the children have all been brought in by the Indians instead of by policemen as formerly. Recently we received sixteen from the neighborhood of Round Rock where, a little over a year ago, Agent Shipley had a hand-to-hand encounter with a large party while endeavoring to secure pupils by force."

The Agents who came after Lt. Plummer

did not always carry on the work as wisely as he did. They also had their troubles with the Navajo, sometimes over the matter of placing children in school. However, more schools came to be built, and gradually the attitude of the Navajo people toward education has changed. Today the people everywhere are clamoring for more schools for their children. But there are still not enough schools even today, and some of our present schools are almost as crowded as the one Lt. Plummer described.

We have given a little sketch of Navajo history from early times through the difficult years following the return from Fort Sumner. Then we have quoted from letters written by the Navajo Agents during the years 1892-1894. This should give the reader a good picture of conditions as they were at the time Agent Shipley had the fight with Black Horse, and he should have some idea of how these conditions all came about.

Now we will present the stories of three Navajos, one of whom was present at Round Rock when the fight with Black Horse occurred. You have read the white man's account of what happened. Now to make the story complete you should also read the Navajo account. In that way you can learn both sides of the story. The stories given by the Navajos are told here in their own words—just as they told them.

The Trouble at Round Rock

by Left-Handed Mexican Clansman

My forbears, the old men and women folk, were of the Mexican People Clan. With great hardship they came back from the place called Fort Sumner, packing their goods on their backs, and afterward lived here at Lukachukai. Here they began life anew. Then from their home at a place called Spring in the Clay they started moving over and across yonder mountain. While they were making this move they stopped for the night, and it is said that I was born where they halted. Let's see, I believe it was in the month of October. I was born on a night when a heavy snow had begun to fall. My grandfather, a man by the name of White Mexican Clansman, and another man called The Son of Former Sweathouse, were the only men. They and several womenfolk worked hard on me.

My grandfather had a fine wether goat that he was quite proud of. He killed it there, and the people feasted with great joy. Then on the day following the night of my birth we again started to move. In those days people went about only on horseback or afoot.

On the day following the night on which she gave birth to me, my mother went on foot as far as the people moved that day. And since it had snowed the night before they had to go through the snow. It is remarkable how risky life was in those days. Nowdays when a woman gives birth they take special care of her, telling her not to catch cold. Back at that time it was different.

As time went on I somehow grew up. I do not remember much about it. I do not remember in detail much of what happened before I was about ten years old. When morning would come and I would be sleeping nicely, my grandfather would throw me out of bed.

"Come on! Come on! Why are you lying down? Go run a race. If you're weak the first harmful thing[1] that comes along will run over you. If you are strong you will lie huddled in death only after the dirt is torn and furrowed around you (i.e. you will give up only after a struggle)," my grandfather used to tell me. The old folks all used to say that.

They probably said this because they knew of the wars that were going on. That is the way my grandfather drove me about and spoke to me. He did not speak in anger. He did not speak harshly. He told it to me in a nice way. So that is the way I spent my days from that time on.

After I had reached the age of eighteen I did various kinds of odd jobs. I had an uncle by the name of Forked House. He was a young man, and he adopted me. He started sending me on chores. I would take care of his horses for him. He had a wagon and a team. He

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[1] We have here translated the Navajo word **deeteel** as 'harmful thing." The word formerly denoted a monster of some type. Since the word means "brood horns" literally translated it has, in modern times, come to be identified as "moose." It **may** actually have been used to designate this animal in former times when the Navajo lived in the far north. It is said by some that the horns of the **deeteel,** "brought from Alaska or somewhere in the north," are used in certain ceremonies.

It is interesting to note in this connection that two expressions involving the word **deeteel** are still current, both translating "to pass away," "to die." Deeteel yóóbí'iisho', he died (lit. the deeteel tossed him up into the air). The stem -sha' refers to a pronged sharp pointed object, such as the prong of a horn. The other expression is deeteel hayo'iiką, he died (lit. the deeteel scooped him up in the air.) The stem -ką refers to a shoveling or scooping action, such as might be accomplished with the brood portion of a moose's antlers. It is altogether possible that **deeteel** was formerly used by the Navajos to designate the moose at the time that they lived in the north. The expressions referring to death may well have had their origin at a time when this powerful and sometimes fierce animal was a common cause for the untimely demise of people.

would tell me to haul wood with it, or to work with it.

At the time I was about eighteen years old the person who started the present trading post at Blue Clay Point moved there—I used to know just when it was. They used to call the Former Old Interpreter (Chee Dodge) Chee (Red) when I first heard of him. Chee was a good friend of a white man from Ugly House (Manuelito, N.M.) known as Big Lump Setting Up (S. E. Aldrich). The two of them built the trading post at the place called Blue Clay Point. It was in the spring when they moved there. There was an epidemic in progress, and we now refer to it as "the time when the throat killed many."[1] It was at that time, in the spring, that they moved to Blue Clay Point, it was said. That is how it came about that the one who would be called The Interpreter (Chee Dodge) and the one who would be named Big Lump Setting Up came to move there.

They built the trading post and four years later perhaps, I do not recall exactly when, the one I called my uncle told us to haul wood there. They (the traders) probably called for the wood.

There was a boy of the Big Water Clan with whom I always chummed around. We started doing that kind of work. We went about calling each other "younger brother," and we hauled wood to the trading post. We heard reports that there were people going about to get children put into school. It was said that they were then over at Chinle, and we heard that they were coming here sometime soon. We would discuss it when we took the wagon after wood.

"Say, let's go to school," I said to my companion.

"All right," he said.

And we went about, talking enthusiastically about it. In the evening after we had unloaded another load of wood we started back home in the wagon. When we got back to the hogan we found that my uncle was there. And it turned out that my grandfather, who was called Big Mexican Clansman, was there too. So we told them of our plan.

"They are putting children in school, it is said."

We told them how we had both said, "Let's go to school."

"It's probably all right. It's fine indeed, my children. A party is on its way coming to us. You cannot escape them anyway," my uncle and my grandfather said to us.

On the next day we went to the trading post, and my grandfather put his thumbprint on a paper for us.

It was reported that the children from Chinle who were being taken to school would get there in two days, and we heard the grown-ups talking to one another about it.

Of those menfolk who were talking to one another about it, one was called Weela. He lived over behind Round Rock and was one of the leaders at that time. One was called Bead Clan Gambler, and he was a member of the police force. He was a very strong, husky man. He was from Chinle, but he was a member of the police force at Fort Defiance. He had come on ahead with the white man from Fort Defiance called Little Chief (Agent Dana Shipley). It was there that my grandfather spoke and promised us.

"I am putting these two boys in school," he said by way of promise.

Since it was reported that it would be another day before the wagon load of children would arrive, we went back home. We spent the night there and then returned on foot.

And we found that the children had arrived. There was some man of the Bitter Water Clan whom people called Pug Nose. He was going around with the party, taking care of the children. He knew a little English, and that was probably why he was told to take care of the children. He was busily running around the children who had been hauled in, chattering in English. He was keeping them to-

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1 Reference is to an epidemic of throat infection which, taking place in 1887, is said to have killed an estimated one thousand Navajos.

gether. The children from Blue Clay Point who were to be put in school had not all been brought in as yet. It was said that the wagon with the children would start off in two days. They were to go by way of Lukachukai, Tsaile, and Crystal, and on over to Fort Defiance. That was probably the plan.

But the people who live over beyond yonder mountain in the area of Cove and Red Rock were thinking ugly thoughts about the plan in connection with education. It is just recently that these people became old men, and they have all died. At that time, when they acted as they did, they were young men. They said that if this business of taking children to school got to them they would really do something about it. As we came to find out, they were saying that (the school) would not get a one of their children. A man by the name of Black Horse was the leader of that faction. They had no doubt heard that in a certain number of days a party would come to Blue Clay Point for the purpose of putting children in school. So they began to think of the matter with bitterness.

They probably said, "Boys, let's go there. Come on!"

So they probably set out from there for this purpose (of opposing the placing of children in school). We had not heard of this and knew nothing about it. They met (the school party) at Blue Clay Point.

Near the trading post there was a house which, at that time, we called the Ugly House. The house served the purpose of providing a place to sleep for the people who came to the trading post. Black Horse's party went over there, and they no doubt came with evil thoughts. The people who lived hereabout had heard nothing of their plans, but at night they spoke about themselves, revealing their intentions.

The one I referred to as my grandfather, and another uncle of mine called Little Boy, apparently went there at night and heard them telling about it.

Among those present were the men known as Black Horse, Limper, Tall Red House Clansman, Old Bead Chant Singer—who was of the Red House Clan—and his cousin, a Bitter Water Clansman called Bead Chant's Nephew, and another man with whom I was merely acquainted, and who was a relative of mine by marriage. His name was Yellow Fermentive Chewer.[1] These are the only ones I can remember of those who came from there (on the other side of the mountain). I do not remember who the rest were.

They probably planned to go in to see the Agent on the next day. They no doubt told what they thought—what their opinions were regarding this school business that had started in connection with us. They told these things to the people from here who had gathered. So people began to think along the lines of their planning.

"Now men, is there anyone here who can do it (a chant)? Long ago, people of old had a story of some kind of chant called "Talk One Into the Grave." Who of you knows it?" said Black Horse, asking that it be performed.

These people from the other side of the mountain were saying this. That is what I heard. I wasn't at the meeting myself. And I don't know just how this chant goes.

"I do," said the one I referred to as Little Boy.

"Two of you are needed for it," said Black Horse.

So then my grandfather, the man I spoke of as Big Mexican Clansman, volunteered to join him to carry on the ceremony. South from the trading post there is a ruin which we call in Navajo "Shattered House." Someone burned it long ago. It is said that they were anasazi.[2] It is black there like ashes. It was there that

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1 Formerly a fermentive was produced by chewing starch, the enzymes from the saliva functioning to convert starch to sugar. This process was used especially in preparing the "puberty cake" called 'alkaad, and the individual herein named was no doubt reknowned for his ability along this line.

2 The Navajo name for the ancient Puebloan peoples who built and lived in the many ruins that dot the Southwest.

they carried on the ceremony. I don't know how it was done. That is what took place that night.

As for us, we spent another night at my uncle's hogan. Today we had been placed among children who were to be taken off to school. On the morrow we would start off with them. So for that purpose, in the morning we again started off from the hogan afoot. We left with menfolk, with the one who would thumbprint the papers for us and who would vouch for us. It was my grandfather, Big Mexican Clansman. He stood up for the two of us.

When we got to the store we found that many people had assembled. Many horses were standing about. At that time horses were the only means people had for transportation. Some of us did not know what had been done the night before. All we had found out was that someone by the name of Black Horse had brought a party from the other side of the mountain.

We were told that now there would be work here making out papers for more of our children. There were three Navajo policemen there in that connection. One of them turned out to be Bead Clan Gambler, one was Singed Man from Fort Defiance—he was also known as Son of Former Rag Man. Another was Interpreter's (i.e. Chee Dodge's) brother-in-law, a Red Streak Into Water Clansman. This man was killed recently at St. Michaels at a rodeo. He was killed by a racehorse on the track during a race. At that time he was a policeman. I can't think what his name was—I merely knew him by sight. He was merely called Interpreter's Father-in-law (?). He was a policeman back at that time. So there were three policemen. It happened that way. Then we were told that the time had come. We saw the people going inside the trading post, so we just went in with the crowd. We two who were going to school stayed together. As for the rest of the children who were going to school, I don't know anything about them.

At the time we had brought the last load of wood; while we were unloading it we noticed two women leading a horse nearby. They were probably on their way home. One of these women had promised her son for school. His name was River Man—that is the one she had promised for school at that time. The woman glanced our way. Her name was Red Buttock Clan Woman. She is still living and her hair is white. As she passed by she said, "It is said that those boys who are unloading wood over there have been promised for school—they will go to school too. Golly, why they are big enough to be of use here now," she said of us. I don't know what she had in mind in so saying. We just laughed about it afterward.

But that was right. We had volunteered for school. We were going to get an education. We considered school as good news. That was what I thought. I always told my friend about what I myself was thinking. "You see, it's something to strive for and covet. Look at Chee's trading post here. Quite some time ago when they moved back from Fort Sumner he had a hard time. He started his life by poking around in the horse manure in a stable. He used to be out there early in the morning with a stick especially made for that purpose. He could be seen sitting out there silhouetted against the sun, with the light shining red through his hair. That is how he came to be called Chee (Red). Then some white people took him in. That is how he got his start in life. That is how his mind began to develop. He got ahead and now here he is in his enviable position. He knows English," I said.

That is what I had an ambition to do at that time. It was for that reason that I volunteered myself for school. And the person who had joined me thought likewise. With this in mind I wanted an education badly then. But it was destined to turn out differently.

The people went into the trading post. It was packed full. Over here on one side the counter ran. Further back in the room was a swinging gate. It was out through there that Chee came. The brother of The One Who Has Eyeglasses (John Lorenzo Hubbell) from

Ganado, a man called the Bat, was a clerk there. He was over to one side behind the counter. The Bat was a man who could understand Navajo very well. A little later the one called Little Chief (Shipley) came out and stopped beside Chee. Chee was his interpreter as he began to make a speech to the people. Black Horse was standing against the counter over to one side. The people of his band were standing with him. The people who had promised their children for school were named, and we were told many things about the school.

Then Black Horse spoke up and said, "This business of taking children away from people to put them in school—when is it going to affect the people from over beyond the mountain?"

"It will reach you sometime. Tomorrow these will start out and will be routed right along the mountainside," said Little Chief (Shipley).

"We'll not give you a one of our children. And we'd just as soon fight over the matter as not," said Black Horse balking stubbornly.

Speaking this way to each other the Agent and Black Horse exchanged many words.

The one I referred to as Limper was standing near Black Horse with a blanket wrapped around his middle. And those of his band were lined up, one behind the other.

"Come on, you boys. Remember what you said," said Black Horse.

The one called Limper was the first to hop in there, and he grabbed the Agent by the collar. Then they all rushed in. Chee jumped over the gate at the back of the room, and chaos followed.

"Outside with him!" voices were saying.

They started out with him. As they were taking him outside I crawled and squeezed myself out among them. Just then they locked the door from the inside. Two of the boys who were going to go to school were locked in. The one I referred to as River Man, who is now known as Short Hair, and another boy with him. These were the ones who were locked inside. On account of this fact the man I spoke of as Weela took the Agent's side—it was because one of the boys locked in there was his son.

The mob was carrying the Agent away. Not far from there, there was a drop. There was a wash in the blue clay with a point of land on either side. That is how the trading post got its name. It was a long drop.

"Throw him down there!" voices were heard saying.

A lot of people were standing alongside the trading post, and I among them. My uncle was standing beside me, and I don't remember who else was standing there. As the people carried the Agent along they beat him with their fists. They were beating him up. But as they carried him further away the one called Bead Clan Gambler went running from here where we were standing.

"What the devil are you trying to do, boys?" he said as he went running into the mob, shoving people backwards.

The man whose son had been locked in the trading post ran in there with him. And a number of his friends in turn followed him into the mob. They rescued the Agent.

The one called Little Boy—the very one who had performed the ceremony of Talking A Person Into The Grave on the night before—was among those who were carrying the Agent back. He was holding up the Agent's head. He took part in the rescue of the Agent. He was my uncle.

They really gave the Agent a beating. His face was all bruised up, and he was covered with blood. They probably almost killed him. If one of the mob had beat him with a club they would no doubt have killed him. They took him back into the trading post, and the door was immediately closed. Then they piled flour and other things of that type against the door. Those from whom the Agent had been rescued ran around the corner of the trading post yelling wildly.

As they brought the Agent back inside, one of the Navajo policemen went dashing out.

He ran over to the other side of the hill where the horses were hobbled, carrying a bridle. This man was the brother-in-law of Chee.

Someone said, "There goes one of the policemen!"

He was far away, about to disappear over the crest of the hill, before they spied him.

Then it started to rain, just a little bit, and we went to stand alongside the trading post again.

They set off on horseback after the policeman. There were about three who pursued him, as I recall. They were some whose horses happened to be standing right there, no doubt. But the policeman got to his horse and got off to a head start. They began chasing him up toward Lukachukai. They gave up the chase a long way up at a place called A Cone Shaped Rock On The Canyon's Edge. He ran so fast that there was no chance for them to catch him. They merely turned back.

As this was going on we still stood alongside the trading post. Presently I noticed a policeman walking there by the building. He was called Singed Man, from Fort Defiance. He was carrying a pistol at his hip, and he had his hands in his pockets as he walked along in the shower At the same time, Old Bead Chant Singer from beyond the mountain was going about talking. I don't remember what he was saying. Then the policeman said, "The Coyote People did something remarkable indeed!"

Old Bead Chant Singer heard this remark and jumped on the policeman. He grabbed him from behind. Then they grappled with each other, and before long the policeman threw him down on the ground. Old Bead Singer fell on the under side. Another man, who was called Bitter Water Clansman, and who was the cousin of the man who was thrown down, ran over there and grabbed the policeman by the leg. He tossed him aside, and the old man got back on top. With his cousin's help Old Bead Chant Singer quickly snatched up a rock. And as the policeman fell over backward—just as his hat fell off—he struck him on the forehead with the rock. The blow fell just at the hairline. As we watched we could suddenly see blood spurt up. He was probably stunned, for his arms fell limply at his side. Then these two men walked away. After a while the policeman got up and, holding a handkerchief to his head, walked away cursing. He went back inside and stayed there

The policeman who had escaped on the horse made his way to the place called Water Flows Into The Rock (Tsailee) where, at that time, there was a trading post. In those days a white man by the name of Gray Man (Archibald Sweetland) was the trader there. At the time some white soldiers from Fort Wingate were nearby hunting bear. They had had their camp at the place called Meadows Come Together and had just returned when the man on horseback arrived. There was one Navajo in the army at that time, a man called Son of Rubbish Man. He was a Navajo from the place called Mountains Set on Top of Each Other (Hosta Butte). And at the time of this happening he was among those who were hunting bear. The man who had arrived on horseback told about what had taken place at Blue Clay Point and then rode on in to Fort Defiance.

He was a relative by marriage to Chee Dodge—he was his uncle by marriage. He was living with a woman called Big Woman who was Chee's aunt. He was the one, and he was a Red Streak Into Water Clansman. He was also a relative by marriage of a man from Red Lake, a Tsinaajinii clansman known as Hoop and Pole Game Player. This man who rode in with the news was a policeman at that time. It was he. He was the one who escaped on a horse. He was recently run over by a race horse at a rodeo at St. Michaels. It was he who carried the news at that time. That's what took place with regard to that angle of the story. This matter of beating up the policeman, about which I told, happened after he was gone, so the one who carried the news didn't see it.

After these things took place all the plans were cancelled. Some of the children who had

been gathered for school probably went back home afoot—I am referring to those from Chinle. At least that's what I heard. We who lived in the area hereabout stayed. We lived here anyway. That's what took place. That's what Black Horse and his band did. Back at the time when the Agent was thrown out and rescued by Navajos, Chee Dodge and several other men, including Weela and Bead Clan Gambler, were chosen to stay in the trading post. Back in the room where they were they piled flour sacks in a circle like a hogan. The Agent was there behind the barricade, and Chee Dodge too, it is said. When they tell about the matter nowdays, people say that Chee defecated all around in the flour. But it was really the Agent who had been thrown out who did that. That's what I've heard.

They made a hole in the roof. Then they made a ladder and put it up there. They kept watch at night from up there. This is the story told by those who were sentinels. Some were stationed up there at the top. They kept watch at night because they said Black Horse or his men might set fire to the building with them in it. This part is just hearsay as far as I'm concerned. That's what happened that night.

Those of the opposing camp were on the other side of the wash at a considerable distance from where our home was. It was a big hogan and was the home of Old Interpreter who was a Red Streak Into Water Clansman, and was my step-grandfather since he was married to my grandmother. He was a young man at that time. Those who were the trouble makers moved into this hogan.

One of them, an old man known as Yellow Fermentive Chewer, left the mob that night and went to spread the word to the people beyond the mountain. That night the people in I don't know how big an area got the story by grapevine. And they set out with guns and bows and arrows. I don't know how many there were from there. I don't recall just who those people were who came as reinforcements from beyond the mountain. But these are things that I heard. They all passed the night over at that big hogan, and we went to spend the night at our own home.

So at Fort Defiance they heard the news that had been brought to them, and the Chief of the soldiers at Water Flows Into The Rock (Tsailee) was told about it. In the morning they set out from Water Flows Into The Rock. It is said that they began moving at about dawn. We spent the night at home.

My grandfather and my uncle said, "I wonder what's happening now? Let's go and take it in again."

When they went back there I went along. Some more people joined us and we went down there on foot. It wasn't far. As we walked along, the soldiers were moving over there opposite us, down through a flat.[1]

"Look, what's going on over there boys?" someone said. About that time we got to where Black Horse's band was staying. They were running in and out of the hogan, taking a look.

"Let's go! Let's go! Let's get them before they get to the store. Before they get to the store! Before they get to the store!" said Black Horse excitedly.

Over to one side of Black Horse the people were merely milling around. All of them had their horses standing there nearby. Many more joined him, and among these were some women. These women too had spent the night there with them. They had stayed to cook for the men. One of these women had come from over beyond the mountain. I don't know exactly where she came from.

When this happened Black Horse's henchmen spoke without effect because there were others who were trying to keep order and who said "No" to the proposal to attack the soldiers.

I was one of those who came back (on the next day) to where the people were. And I

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1 As in English, Navajo often refers to direction as "up" or "down" or more literally "upstream" and "downstream," since it is determined by the direction in which water flows or would flow. Thus, the northwestern end of the Navajo Agency building at Window Rock is the upper end (deigo), while the opposite extreme is the lower end (yaogo).

found that the people from beyond the mountain—those among whom the news had been spread, and who were sent for—had arrived. They had guns and bows and arrows. These were many people. There were also many of us who had joined in just as spectators.

A man of the Salty Water Clan whose name was Slender Lava had his family there, and his wife cooked all night for the men who were making the trouble. In the morning the women again prepared food for them. Then the people noticed that the soldiers were moving along over there.

"All right now! All right! We'll take them right over there in the flat. All right now! Before they move in! Before they move in! Let's get them!" said Black Horse dashing about but without effect.

But his boys were really impatient. They were rubbing their guns. Then the one to whom I referred as Slender Lava said, "No!" He spoke thus because he knew they lacked the wherewithal to win the fight. A man of the Water's Edge Clan, called Sucker, also said, "No!" And of the men from hereabout with whom I came and who I mentioned before, my uncle joined in saying, "No."

"Wait. Speak no more like that, my Elders, my friends," people said, opposing them.

Then the person whom I said was known as Sucker was sent to the trading post. The soldiers moved into the trading post. They had pack mules, and there was a line of these animals far into the distance. I don't remember what the number of the soldiers who arrived was said to be. I can't recollect. But when they had moved into the post, Sucker was sent over there. Presently he came back from there on horseback.

"They say to wait, boys. They say to wait," he said.

Then Black Horse's boys really became impatient.

They sent Sucker back over there again.

"Go over there now and tell them, 'No'. Tell them not to give us that kind of talk. Tell them it's going to be now. We'll tear the building to pieces. What can they do? Go tell them that's our answer," said Black Horse.

Sucker galloped over there and told them that, and then he returned at a gallop.

"They tell you to wait. The one who says that is the leader of those soldiers who arrived and he is a War Chief (Officer). It is not the man you threw out yesterday who is saying that," he said as he ran back again on horseback.

Then the men over on this side said, "It's a fact. You never know. You don't know what they have in mind in saying this—they might have a better idea for settling it. So don't say anything," said those on this side who were acting as go-betweens.

Finally many of us started over there, some on foot and some on horseback. We got to the trading post. The soldiers were there on the inside. There were many pack mules, more than twenty I guess. They had all been inside the wool storage shack, with their packs still on. Across from the wool storage shack a gun had been placed to cover its approaches. So in case Black Horse carried out his threat, the soldiers were ready.

Sucker rode over there to where Black Horse and his band were.

"The War Chief (Army Officer) says, 'Now you can come over, but come slowly, slowly,' " said Sucker.

That's what he reported to them. Then across and opposite us on the other side of the place called Blue Clay Point horses were seen to be going, and many people too. There were more than twenty. They could be seen going up there over the crest of the hill. People watched and wondered if they had just decided to go back home. But they moved on over the hill and then turned and started coming in this direction along its base. Over here on this side the soldiers were all prepared and were inside the trading post. The entrance way was large, and on both sides of it soldiers were stationed. Over there on Black Horse's side the people were impatient to shoot. They were really stroking their weapons. They were rubbing

their guns, it is said. They were really foolhardy—at least that's what the spectators were saying.

The white man called The Bat used to say that he was on the soldier's side.

"I too had my gun ready like this," he used to say.

People would laugh at him when he told about this. He was a trader.

"If they appear over the hill—if they're serious in their threat—if they come close, I'll go out there in the open to meet them," said the War Chief (Officer). "If they are serious about it, and if one of them aims at me with one of those guns you see them holding up out there, all of you fire a volley at him," said the Officer. That was the plan on the inside.

Then they appeared, coming over the hilltop. They were coming toward us. At this point Sucker rode back and forth telling them to take it easy. That was the one called Sucker. Later, when his voice gave out, he merely gestured about.

We were standing by the trading post. There were many of us. We were standing close to a recess in the wall of the building where we could run for protection. When they had drawn near, Chee Dodge brought out a chair. He put it down beside the building, and then went back inside. We were all looking over toward where the horses were approaching. They were holding many guns up, and they were also holding arrows. There were none without weapons. There were many coming, and they were spread out quite wide.

Then the white man came out. It was the War Chief. He was from Fort Wingate and was dressed in a black coat. He took it off and draped it over the chair that had been placed there. Then he unbuttoned his cuffs. He rolled up his sleeves like a person who is going to start washing himself. When he came out he came with his arms up and his hands behind his head. Then Chee Dodge came back out.

"He says to come closer," said Chee to the horsemen.

They drew closer.

"Come closer," he again said.

The horsemen drew closer.

"Now that's close enough, he says to you, my friends. That's enough, Black Horse. Lay your gun on the ground and go up to him, the officer says," said Chee, referring to Black Horse as some kind of relative like "older brother."

Several of them then got quickly down from their horses. They came up one after another. The officer still stood with his hands raised. Black Horse walked up and shook hands with him. I don't remember what he said at that time. What the officer said was interpreted. I still remember some of that.

"He says to you, 'All right, that's fine'," said Chee to Black Horse, interpreting.

"That's enough, enough," the officer said to Black Horse.

Then those who followed him came up one by one and shook hands with the officer.

"It's enough," said Black Horse and the officer to each other, as they embraced and patted each other on the shoulder.

That's all I remember.

At that point peace was restored, I guess.

Those who were behind Black Horse all shook hands with the officer. They did this after laying their weapons on the ground. They came up and did it empty-handed. That's how peace was restored. And there was the sound of people expressing their thankfulness.

"That's enough my boys. Now food will be passed out for you. You can go back home braced by a meal," they were told.

With Chee Dodge interpreting, that's how we heard it. So peace was then restored.

I didn't realize the seriousness of it at that time. At that time I was just a "young punk," that's probably the reason. I was just there with the crowd for fun. I had fun with it, just like at something that is carried on for fun.

The Trouble At Round Rock

by Howard Gorman

Long ago the old men used to tell about various things. They would tell the young men about different things by way of instruction. They would spend two or three days going about to different homes (telling stories). They would say, "This is the way we used to live, the way we used to go about, the way we used to gain our livelihood," instructing the youths. And on the women's side, they in turn talked to young ladies.

In this connection my grandmother would get me up very early in the morning to make a long run, telling me that I would that way become a strong, husky man.

Once when I was herding sheep I came back to the hogan to find my grandfather, one called Man Who Lassoes, sitting there. He used to spend most of his time in the area around Adobe Sticks Up. The old man called Man Who Lassoes was quite a character.

He was still there when I returned. So a sheep was immediately caught for him and butchered. Then the fattest ribs were put in the fire (to roast) for him. But for me—only the entrails were roasted for me! So I made a fuss about that and started to make trouble.

I made a fuss, saying, "How come he gets the choice meat when he does none of the herding? I'm the one who should have the ribs to eat. He's the one who ought to be eating the entrails."

Then I sulked around and didn't eat at all. And after he had really eaten his fill he went off to one side and lay down on his back.

After sundown, when it became really dark, I went back inside to the place where I would sleep. But my grandmother got me back up.

"Sit here, my son. Your grandfather is going to tell us about something. Listen to him carefully," she told me.

"Not too awfully long ago, over there at Red Rock, the Agent was thrown out. And a man by the name of Black Horse caused the trouble. This same man used to go by the name of Butcher Squeezed Together In the Middle," said my grandfather as he began his story. He told it as though it were something that had just occurred. Here's how his story went:

"I was resting in the shade at Lizard Spring when a horseman came up. He said, "Do you know what? Over there at Red Rock they've tossed out the Agent. The man called Black Horse, or Butcher Squeezed Together In The Middle, is causing the trouble. That's what he announced to me," said my grandfather.

"My horse was grazing nearby, so I caught and saddled him. Then I put my double barreled gun into its saddle scabbard and strapped on my pistol. I also tied on the rear a package containing an ample supply of ammunition. Then I went down into the Flat Rock Valley.

"I met up with a number of husky men and asked them if any would like to go with me. I told them that a man known as Black Horse was causing trouble over there, but they all refused. I kept on going nevertheless. Suddenly I came upon a man of the Red Streak Into Water Clan called Little Policeman. He was a strong, husky young fellow (he is now an old man)," said my grandfather.

"I hear that the man called Black Horse is causing trouble. Maybe you'd like to join up with me and go over there. I hear they've tossed out the Agent. It's because I got word of it that I'm going, I told him," said my grandfather "Why not? Sure, I'll join you. We'll go,"

he said as he strapped on his gun. Then we started out together.

"We went down into the Canyon De Chelly and came up out of there at a place called Sparse Group Of Pines Extends Up Out. From there we went through Lukachukai and up onto the mountain. Then we went onward to the rim of the mountain to where the trail descended into Cove. At that time it was only a horse trail. There, at that time, there was a fence of boughs with a pole gate through which passed a trail," said grandfather.

"Little Policeman dismounted to open the gate. There was danger lurking on every side. It was potentially a perilous area. Just as he got down from his horse and took hold of a pole to remove it, a cottontail jumped up right at his feet. Little Policeman was so taken back that he nearly fell over right there.

"We resumed our journey and came to a high point that overlooked the surrounding country, and out there in front of us there were people engaged in training maneuvers. They were Navajos. They would come dashing out lying close beside their horses in such a way that there appeared to be no riders. And their maneuvers took many other forms. On the high points they had lookouts stationed, but somehow we passed through without being sighted.

"We went on until we came to Black Horse's hogan. There was quite a gathering there. When we arrived we heard Black Horse talking inside a large hogan, telling how they would do and how they would win.

"Then he was informed of our coming. 'Who the devil comes without saying a word? Tell them to come in,' he said. So we went in.

"You who are called Black Horse—you who go by the name of Butcher Squeezed Together In The Middle—you think you're famous, the way people tell about you. Come on and see if you can swallow me head first, I said to him," said my grandfather.

" 'Oh, oh you've got me,' said Black Horse."

"And then all the people who were gathered there, and to whom he had been talking, roared out at him, saying, "We knew that's what you would say. We knew it all the time. You went ahead, even though you're a coward. When even a fellow Navajo spoke to you, you said, 'You've got me!' "

"And then I really told Black Horse off, but good," said my grandfather.

"This trouble that you're making is uncalled for. Over toward Tuba City a fellow known as Pollen caused trouble and got nothing for it. Over by Aneth a man called He Who Has Supernatural Power caused trouble. And over toward Beautiful Mountain a man by the name of Bizhoshi made a commotion. None of them gained a thing. They merely brought hardship upon themselves. So don't sulk, my baby. It's uncalled for, and it is bad behavior. You will gain nothing by it," my grandfather said to me.

He told me this story and gave me instruction on top of it. I now remember this well.

The Trouble At Round Rock

by The Nephew of Former Big Man

In the Fort Sumner Treaty we were told to place our children in school. So when we got back policemen were sent from Fort Defiance down toward Round Rock to carry out this provision. To get all of the children they went from hogan to hogan.

The leader of one of the parties was a man named Charlie. Others in this party were one called Bobbed Hair, one by the name of Bead Clan Gambler, another called Slender Silver Maker, and the one who was known as The Interpreter (Chee Dodge), as well as several others.

For a long time the men and womenfolk had held back their children. So on the dates set for bringing the children to Round Rock, very few were brought in. When the children were taken there a man by the name of Black Horse said, "No," and stood against the children being taken away to school. There was one man by the name of Limper, who may still be hunched with old age (still alive). There was one called Slow One, and there were Canyon De Chelly Man, Tall Bitter Water Clansman, Ugly Knife, Sucker, Weela, and Gray Haired Man. All of these said, "No," and stood against the proposal. And then many young men joined with them. All of these men are now perhaps dead.

Here at this meeting to get children together for school the man known as Black Horse stubbornly balked on it. "What the devil, you can jerk our children away from us if you want to. If you want trouble over this matter go to it," he shouted. Several others who were of like mind were behind him. In fact, they had probably conspired with him.

The one called Little Chief (Shipley) came also. He was the Agent. But when a hot argument got under way in the meeting the Navajos threw the Agent out. Then things really happened. The man called Bead Clan Gambler got the Agent back from those who had laid hands on him. This Bead Clan Gambler was a husky man. As the mob made away with the Agent he dashed in among them and grabbed the Agent up under one arm (like a football). When the mobsters would have jumped him he straight-armed them and bowled them over backward, and running hard he beat them to a flour storage room. When he had gotten the Agent in there he piled things against the door from within, and the mob was frustrated. The Interpreter (Chee Dodge) also took refuge in the flour storage room. It was said that they stayed inside for several days without going outside. And while they were in there they dirtied the flour.

The news of this trouble spread all about, even up into the Monument Valley. Everyone said, "They're not going to take our children away, that's all there is to it." People were ready to fight. Some said that no soldiers had come to the scene of the trouble. Some said that bear hunters had been brought to the rescue, but the truth is that it wasn't these. That was just a tale. Soldiers came from Fort Defiance. They were sent for from there, and those who came moved up on top of Row of Willows (near Wheatfields). At that time there was a beautiful meadow there. There was not a single wash at that time. There they were encamped. When they moved again they went to the burned trading post at Black Rock Spring (near Tsailee). After camping there for two days they moved on. They moved down to Blue Clay Point (near Round Rock).

This was not the only time a school party

went out. They went out many times. Summer and winter they would go about telling the people to place their children in school.

When the soldiers who were sent for arrived to fight, my older sister, who was the wife of Weela, acted as a peacemaker. Here she acted as go-between to restore the peace. One man took credit for restoring peace. He was a man called White Man. I heard him saying that he was the one who restored the peace. I told him, "You are a liar. You just made that story up. It was my sister who restored the peace. I know it. I am sure of it." So that is how Black Horse made trouble by holding back the children.

Now school is a wonderful thing. They had no reason for keeping us out of school, I'm convinced of that. School is not a thing of no value. It is something to be longed for and sought after. Had I gone to school I wonder how I would be today. By school we mean an endless learning. It's a means for accomplishment without end.

People who have children and who put them in school are right in so doing. I think they are indeed lucky children. I was one of those who spoke in favor of schools in days gone by. Not long ago a paper was brought up before us in a meeting. They said, "Here's a list of the men who asked for education, and here's one of the men. These men knew the advantages of schooling." They said this, mentioning my part in it. When they mentioned me in this connection I almost wept. I was right when I took that stand. Had I gone to school I often wonder how good a leader I might have become.

Long ago our forbears went after one another with weapons over this question of schooling. On account of differences over education they threw out an Agent. It nearly brought tragedy. When people were about to come to blows my sister restored the peace. These things happened just about the time when my mind had become mature enough to reason and remember, so I know whereof I speak. And to many things which occurred I was a witness, while in others I took an active part. So the people nearly came to blows over schools. But now education is, without doubt, the right thing. So go on children. Go to school. Study hard. In the future you will profit by it.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

General William T. Sherman

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

This picture was taken at Fort Sumner sometime during the late 1860's. It is said to be a group of Navajo warriors. Notice the striped blankets and the bows.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

The Indian Commissary at Fort Sumner during the 1860's.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

This is the Indian Issue House at Fort Sumner during the time the Navajos were held there in the 1860's. Here the Navajos came for issues of supplies.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

Navajos at Fort Sumner, photographed during the 1860's.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

A group of Navajos photographed at Fort Sumner during the 1860's.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

The office of the Provost Marshal at Fort Sumner at the time when the Navajos were held there.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

This is the camp of the soldiers of Company B, 1st. New Mexico Infantry at Fort Sumner in the 1860's.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

Fort Sumner in the 1860's

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

Fort Defiance, Arizona, in 1884

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

A troop of cavalry encamped about three miles west of Fort Wingate, New Mexico. Taken between 1885 and 1903.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

An encampment of soldiers on Whiskey Creek, northwest of Crystal, New Mexico.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

The old trading post at Tsailee mentioned in the story of the fight with Black Horse at Round Rock store.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

An old Navajo woman, photographed in the Chaco Canyon in 1897. Notice the blanket design.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

An old Navajo hogan photographed in 1904 near Chinle, Arizona.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

This picture of a Navajo family was taken in 1904 at a place about 2 miles west of Ganado, Arizona. Notice the old style clothing worn by the man.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

A Navajo woman is here shown making vegetable dye. Taken in the Chaco Canyon in 1904.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

A picture of Keams Caynon, Arizona, taken sometime between 1885 and 1903.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

This is said to be a picture of some Navajo dancers taken in 1899 at the Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

This is a picture of a Navajo man by the name of Charlie the Second. Taken in 1899 at The Chaco Canyon in New Mexico.

—Photograph by U. S. Signal Corps.

This picture of a young Navajo man was taken in The Chaco Canyon, probably about 1899.

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